

The Academy and Literature.

A Weekly Review of Literature and Life.

No. 1558. Established 1869. London: 15 March, 1902.

Price Threepence

[Registered as a Newspaper.]

The Literary Week.

MORE than half of the *Orford English Dictionary* has now been published. By the appointment of Mr. Craigie as a third editor, and in other ways, the production of the work has been accelerated. There will be in all ten volumes. Of these five have already been published. The next three volumes are in the press: VI. by Mr. Bradley, VII. by Dr. Murray, VIII. by Mr. Craigie.

It is owned that critics may differ in their estimate of work, but may they differ in their accounts of a play's reception by the general public? In speaking of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's last work, the *Times* says:

When someone timidly called "Author!" a sudden silence—almost as though by preconcerted signal—fell upon the house. A more unmistakable, a more impressive verdict we do not remember in the play-house. . . . They did not "boo" the author, but, like the Mikado, "fitting the punishment to the crime," they silently turned up their noses at him.

While the *Standard* says:

From first to last, however, the audience accepted the piece with applause, which rose at times to enthusiasm, and a prolonged career of success appears to be assured for "The Princess's Nose."

M. CATULLE MENDES has just given an example to rejected and disappointed dramatists. Having recently withdrawn his poetical drama from the pigeon-holes of the Comédie Française in order that it might be produced by Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, he has now also quarrelled with her, and has withdrawn his play the second time. What will he do with it? Burn it? Re-write it? Send it elsewhere? No. "I shall put my poor drama into a drawer, for Sarah will understand that I cannot again offer it to the Comédie Française. It will sleep there for a long while. The drawer will be a little coffin, where I shall sometimes place a few flowers. They will be red roses, to express my admiration for Sarah, and violets, to express my regret at her capriciousness." After all, it is sometimes useful to be a Frenchman.

"I WAS born about eight o'clock in the morning on May 4, 1825, at Ealing, which was, at that time, as quiet a little country village as could be found within half-a-dozen miles of Hyde Park Corner. Why I was christened Thomas Henry I do not know; but it is a curious chance that my parents should have fixed for my usual denomination upon the name of that particular Apostle with whom I have always felt most sympathy." These sentences occur in the autobiographical sketch prefixed to Messrs. Macmillan's sixpenny edition of Professor Huxley's *Lectures and Essays*. The reprint is very clear, and will be acceptable, we imagine, to thousands of readers.

"D. M. J." sends us the following real conversation *à propos* of this sixpenny reprint:

"This is pretty good for sixpence," said the salesman, as he handed me a reprint of Huxley's *Lectures and Essays*, including the famous deliverance on "the Physical Basis of Life," for that modest coin.

"Yes," I said, "Will you have much demand for it, do you think?"

"Oh, I think so, but," he added confidentially, "I will tell you what does not go, and that is the sixpenny Meredith."

In support of this statement he pointed to a large stock of "remainders" piled up on a side shelf.

"How does the sixpenny George Eliot go off?"

"Oh, very well indeed. But that is different. Meredith has a very special public. When a man buys a sixpenny novel, it is generally with the view of throwing it away when he has read it. But people either care for Meredith very much or they don't care for him at all; and if they care for him very much they don't want to throw his novels away. They want them in a form that they can keep. The new half-crown edition is exactly the thing for such people, and goes well. You see?"

I saw.

We gather from the *New York Times Saturday Review* that America is not quite certain whether it will ask Maeterlinck to stay the night or not. Our contemporary says there is no denying that the *Life of the Bee* is a great book, though of little use to the "fancy." But now that volumes of his essays are rapidly succeeding one another, and two new plays of his "in English verse" are almost ready for publication, the critics over there are beginning to reflect that Maeterlinck's figurative language, which even in the original readily lends itself to parody, usually becomes "mere rhetorical riffraff" when turned into English, for the simple reason that his word meaning, his euphonic meaning, and his symbolic meaning have to be caught and rendered spontaneously into a language, the fineness and subtleties of which are utterly un-Gallic. All the signs, nevertheless, "point to the formation of a Maeterlinck Club."

We will confess that we think that the Maeterlinck cult has been overdone in England, as all cults are overdone nowadays. Too many of his plays have been rushed into translations; he has been too much quoted and staged by the young literary woman. To such a conviction a man may come who has read *The Treasure of the Humble* in the French, and counted it one of the experiences of his life. Every good thing is spoiled nowadays by over-appreciation. Gorky will soon pall, not because he is tedious, but because Gorkyism is becoming hurried and tedious. Our ink was scarcely dry last week when another volume of his stories arrived. More, we believe, are on

the way, and soon this wind, also, will blow itself out. When we would recall the man we shall involuntarily recall the boom.

A NEW periodical, called *The Bibliographer*, edited by Mr. Paul Leicester Ford, is about to be published in America. *The Bibliographer* will be devoted to old rather than to new books. Its field, the publishers say, "will be as broad as that of the collector of books, manuscripts, and autographs." In July, August, and September the editor may take a holiday, for *The Bibliographer* will not be issued during those months. This, it seems to me," adds a writer in *The Critic*, "is a most wise arrangement. There is little or nothing doing in the book business, certainly little in the way of advertising, during the dog days. And why should not editors have their outing as well as school teachers and clergymen? It is not an unusual thing to suspend the publication of Continental periodicals during the summer months, but seldom that such a scheme has been proposed in this country, where all days, even dog days, are devoted to business." We are glad that the editor of *The Bibliographer* will have such a noble holiday, but we doubt the wisdom of suspending a paper for three months.

MR. GEORGE MOORE is at work upon a book about Ireland. It will be called *The Untilled Field*, and it may be described as a novel in thirteen episodes. The episodes are short stories, varying from ten thousand words to two thousand words. The theme is always the same, and none of the stories can be said to be an independent story. The same characters recur, and the incidents develop from story to story. A selection of the tales will be published separately in Irish. The translation will be made by Mr. P. P. O'Sullivan, a Trinity College student, and a native Irish speaker. "Instead of losing by being translated into Irish," says Mr. Moore, "the stories have gained. I have read the translation of one from the Irish. It was extraordinarily like my original text, but it was fresher. One was like a jaded townman, the other was like the townman after a dip in the primal sea. Dipping is as good for stories as for human beings." The Irish book will be published next month.

A VOLUME of "middles" from the *Saturday Review* is about to be published under the title of *Recreations and Reflections*. Many well-known writers will be represented in the volume by one or more contributions, including Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Churton Collins, Mr. Cunningham-Graham, Mr. Max Beerbohm, Mr. Stephen Gwynn, and Mr. Hilaire Belloc. Mr. Belloc, author of that delightful book, *Lambkins Memoirs*, puts his talent to many uses. He is at present, we understand, acting as "Our Military Correspondent" for a morning journal.

THE advertisement of new books in American papers is often refreshing. Here is the latest. We omit the title of the book and the names of the author and critic:

———, *The New Romance*. By (Mrs. ———.)
Prof. ———, of Canada, says of this new book :
"I pronounce the romance entitled ——— one of the few great works of fiction ever produced. It is intensely interesting and unusual. The correspondence between ——— and ——— is deeply impressive. Like the sparkle of jewels, wisdom glints from its pages."
Price, 75 cents a copy.
Address the author,
Lock Box 35. ———, Mich.

OUR illustrated brother, *The King*, has been much enlarged, and, we may add, beautified and improved. It is to be made a companion to *Country Life*, and it will

specialise on the subjects of the Court's movements and urban life generally. Some of the features are distinctive, as the articles on provincial towns (of which Tunbridge Wells is the first), and the descriptions, illustrated with photographs, of famous London houses.

MR. ARTHUR MACHEN has set himself an imposing task in his new book called *Hieroglyphics*. It is described as "an attempt at a clear definition of the elements of greatness in relation to the art of literature."

A CLUB for past and present members of the Slade School will be started shortly. This, it is hoped, will meet a long-felt want—viz.: that of keeping students in touch, and, of providing at a reasonable subscription a suitable place for working, which will be of particular advantage to women living in town, either for the study or practice of art. Occasional exhibitions will be held.

LITERARY iconoclasm seems to be in the air. Not only is Shakespeare attacked, but Matthew Arnold also. He is the subject of a deprecatory article by Mr. Francis Grierson, called "The Blunders of Matthew Arnold," in the *Westminster Review*. Mr. Grierson's indictment is best illustrated by its epigrams, of which these are specimens:

Of the great critics, he is the hardest and most flinty.
He emits sparks, but no flame.

Arnold was no seer; and no criticism is worth a pinch of snuff that cannot tell us what the next twenty or thirty years will do for the fame of an author.

Arnold called up some of the brightest and best intellects of the world, and judged them without fear, favour, or common-sense. He read them a verdict in the language of the hangman. And Englishmen, who boast of their moral courage and independence, were made to sit in a corner like so many schoolboys, fearing to look up or to claim their souls as their own.

Early in youth he was taught to use the balance-pole of introspection while walking the crack of moral platitude and automatic reasoning. He crossed and recrossed the pedantic wire with such dexterity that the act became monotonous; the audience longed for a slit in the silk tights, or a sudden head-over-heels, or a sprain of the ankle, to give a human turn to the performance.

The idea that poetry is a criticism of life is both crude and superficial.

If Matthew Arnold had spent five years of his youth in France and Germany, and five more years in America, he would have seen the world in a truer light.

Writers who live under restraint never attain the supreme.

We feel obliged to maintain—(1) that Arnold was not a man of the world; (2) that he was no psychologist; (3) that he never knew the meaning of passion; (4) that he could not reason from cause to effect.

Such are some of Mr. Grierson's scintillations. For his argument we must refer our readers to the *Westminster Review*.

WHILE we are thinking what to reply to Mr. Grierson our eye is caught by another scuffle in the distance, and we draw near to find Mr. Walter Frewen Lord belabouring Thackeray as the "Apostle of Mediocrity" in the *Nineteenth Century*. Mr. Lord's is a symmetrical article. He maintains that Thackeray hated excellence, and he proceeds to show he denied it in turn to his clergymen, his Anglo-Indians, his Irishmen, his peers, and even to his Colonel Newcome. For of the Colonel we read:

In this case Mr. Thackeray has himself produced an excellent type. He has created an immortal character, and endowed him with all manly virtues. Furious at the sight of excellence, even when it is his own handiwork,

he must needs bespatter it with ridicule—make his creation a goose when he marries and a perfect idiot in business.

Oddly enough the next paragraph begins, "Not to labour the point to excess. . . ." It is in his comments on Colonel Newcome that Mr. Lord runs most to excess. He is better inspired when he continues:

Let us take one more calling—that of diplomacy—and then make an end. His Majesty's Envoy at the Grand Ducal Court of Pumpnickel was Lord Tapeworm, of whom one of the attachés remarked: "Look at that infernal sly-boots of a Tapeworm; wherever there is a pretty woman he always twists himself in." Very disrespectful! But then comes the author's comment: "And I wonder what were diplomatists made for but for that?" For a great many other things, as Mr. Thackeray very well knew. For did he not live in the days of Stratford de Redcliffe, "who was the voice of England in the East"? But here, as everywhere, Mr. Thackeray tells the damaging half-truth.

It may be predicted with some confidence that both these papers will call forth replies.

MR. HERBERT PAUL has edited—admirably edited—Sterne's *Sentimental Journey* for Messrs. Methuen's "Little Library." His introduction and notes make this reprint a treasure. From the former we quote a salient passage: "Perhaps the most characteristic passage in all Sterne is the avowal or acknowledgment in the *Sentimental Journey* that if he ever did a mean thing it was in an interval between one passion and another. Even Parson Yorick must have felt at times that his life was not altogether a credit to his calling, and this is the way in which he applied the Hudibrastic formula. He compounded for his gallantries and for the freedom of his pen by running a tilt against meanness, cruelty, and spite." The notes are very entertaining, and are the result of wide reading. We are tempted to give a few examples:

TEXT.
"They order," said I, "this matter better in France."

NOTE.
Of all familiar quotations the most invariably misquoted.

The pulsations of the arteries along my fingers pressing across hers told her what was passing within me: she looked down—a silence of some moments followed.

Cap: The Remise Door.

I thought by the accent it had been an apostrophe to his child; but 'twas to his ass, and to the very ass we had seen dead in the road.

Cap: Nampont.

As soon as I had cast down the pen, La Fleur advanced with the most respectful carriage up to the table, and making a thousand apologies for the liberty he was going to take, told me he had a letter in his pocket wrote by a drummer in his regiment to a corporal's wife, which he *durst* say would suit the occasion.

Cap: Amiens.

A curious anticipation of muscular "thought-reading," now generally admitted, or, as Browning says—

"The fire which some discern,
And a very few feel burn,
And the rest—they may live and learn."

Dickens refers amusingly to this incident and Maria of Moulines: "No man never see a dead donkey, 'cept the gen'lm'n in the black silk smalls as know'd the young 'ooman as kep' a goat; and that wos a French donkey, so wery likely he warn't won o' the reg'lar breed."

Sterne has the advantage over current English here. As this past of "dare" is now obsolete, and "he dared say" does not convey the right sense, a modern reporter has to represent "I daresay" by some paraphrase such as "he ventured to think," or "he rather thought," which fails to give the exact shade of meaning.

. . . had devoutly sent her word by her *fille de chambre* that I would assuredly wait upon her—but I am governed by circumstances—I cannot govern them: so seeing a man standing with a basket on the other side of the street, as if he had something to sell, I bid La Fleur go up to him and enquire for the Count's hotel. La Fleur turned a little pale: and told me it was a Chevalier de St. Louis selling *patés*.

Cap: Le Pâtissier.

The opposite of Horace when in his epicurean mood: "Et mihi res, non me rebus subjungere conor." Ep, I., 1, 19.

Perhaps this passage suggested R. L. Stevenson's young man selling cream tarts in his *Arabian Nights*.

OUR readers' sonnetization of Canon Rawnsley's Derwentwater telegram, and our remark that it suggested new possibilities in the production of verse founded on the principle of the division of labour, has inspired *Punch* to take in hand a City editor's report, which it sonnetizes under the title, "A City Idyll":

In gold "no movement" at the Bank to-day!
Yet silver "shows a fractional advance";
De Beers are "weak on further sales from France";
In Kaffirs "prices tend to fall away."

Consols—now quoted ex—again betray
A languid tendency; men eye askance
Home rails, which to investors give a chance
Who venture common courage to display.

Abroad stagnation reigns, but "Spanish Fours"
Are pressed for sale and show a slight decline";
One sixteenth lower they put down Mysore;
Discounts "close firm" at two-three-quarters fine;
Then a wild rumour of some Boer defeat
Gives a faint spurt to "business in the street."

MEANWHILE *Punch* proceeds with "Authors at Bow Street." The case of Elizabeth Wells Gallup is the subject of this week's report:

ELIZABETH WELLS GALLUP, an American, who described herself as a Verulamian, and gave an address at Ham Common, was charged with ignoring *Lee's majesty*, in that she had alleged in public prints that Mr. SIDNEY LEE could do wrong, and that SHAKESPEARE was BACON. She was also charged with *micning mallocko*, an old indictable offence dating from the reign of Queen Mab.

The prisoner asserted in Gay and Bird-like tones that she had never heard of Mr. LEE. Very likely there was no such person. She had no doubt that if she were to examine one of his books she would find evidence of other authorship.

She would repeat with even more emphasis her old assertion to the effect that after reading SHAKESPEARE'S first folio at breakfast she found distinct traces of BACON on the leaves.

The first folio being produced in Court, Mr. LEE denied that it contained traces of BACON. The marks, he contended, were the result of margarine.

Mr. J. HOLT SCHOOLING, statistician, said that he had carefully counted all the italics in the twenty-six first folios of SHAKESPEARE which Mr. LEE had placed at his disposal. The total was 15,641.616. These figures, it will be seen, can be divided into 1564 and 1616, the birth and death dates of WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. (*Sensation*.) . . .

Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, Professor of Singing, was next called. He declared emphatically that BACON never agreed with him.

Sir THOMAS LIPTON, Baconian expert, affirmed that if any of his young men offered copies of the *Temple Shakspeare* in place of rashers, his customers would all leave him.

Mr. W. H. MALLOCK gave evidence on behalf of the prisoner. His attention, he said, had first been drawn

to the interesting theory by a letter in cipher, which he had received from her. After obtaining the key from the *De Augmentis*, he discovered her missive to run as follows: "You ask, 'Is life worth living?' To which I answer, It depends on the liver—and BACON!"

After further evidence, the Bench found Mrs. GALLUP guilty on both counts, and sentenced her to read through the *Dictionary of Rational Bi-Hography*.

The pun on miching mallecho in the above is very ingenious: for miching is truancy, and mallecho mischief, and Mr. Mallock

Bibliographical.

I AM specially interested in the announcement of *The Cynic's Breviary: Maxims and Anecdotes from Nicolas de Chamfort*, "selected and translated for the first time by W. G. Hutchison." It so happens that, many years ago, I myself projected such a volume. I remember mentioning the idea to Mr. Matthew Arnold, who, however, was not very enthusiastic about a volume to be devoted solely to Chamfort: he seemed to be repelled by the occasional brutality of the Frenchman, and suggested that it might be mitigated by publishing along with extracts from Chamfort, extracts from some less savage moralist, such as, for example, Vauvenargues. I had thought of a volume of *pensées* in which Vauvenargues would figure, but did not care much about a juxtaposition of the serious and the cynical. So the matter dropped, and the field has remained open ever since. I congratulate Mr. Hutchison on his project, the success of which, I should say, will depend mainly upon the nature of his selections. One cannot go wrong, of course, with such familiar things as—"Il est plus facile de légaliser certaines choses que de les légitimer"; "La société est composée de deux grandes classes: ceux qui ont plus de diners que d'appétit, et ceux qui ont plus d'appétit que de diners"; "Célébrité: l'avantage d'être connu de ceux que vous ne connaissez pas"; "Quiconque n'a pas de caractère n'est pas un homme: c'est une chose"; "L'amour plaît plus que le mariage, par la raison que les romans sont plus amusants que l'histoire"; "L'hymen vient après l'amour, comme la fumée après la flamme," and so forth. But Chamfort is sometimes very dull, and sometimes a little too frank in his utterances; and to select from him, for the purposes of the British public, is no easy task.

It is singular that the Frenchman should have been so long neglected by English translators. It is true that his work has not the persistent conciseness and polished point of La Rochefoucauld. He does not confine himself to the crisp sentence, but ventures on the paragraph, and sometimes is betrayed into disquisition. He is unequal, too, and passes too often from satire to sententiousness. Still, such a selection as Mr. Hutchison proposes ought to have been made before this. And Vauvenargues, also, ought to have the same good office done for him. The most accessible edition of Chamfort's *Pensées, Maximes, Anecdotes, Dialogues* is, I suppose, that to which P. J. Stahl prefixed a memoir, and which appeared originally in 1857, having been preceded in 1852 by an edition "introduced" by Arsène Houssaye, and in 1824 by the edition to which P. R. Auguis lent his aid. Mr. Hutchison will no doubt give us a bibliography of Chamfort, and probably a memoir of him, which should have interest for many. In the announcement I refer to, Chamfort figures as "*de Chamfort*"; but, considering that he was a natural son, and chose his own name, the plain "Nicolas Chamfort" should be sufficient.

Of the "three brothers" who are to publish a book of *Tales* through Messrs. Isbister—Mr. Phil Robinson, Mr. E. Kay Robinson, and Mr. H. P. Robinson—the first-named is, of course, the best known. And he, again,

though he has issued several volumes of tales and sketches, is best known as the author of such books as *In My Indian Garden*, *Noah's Ark*, *The Poets' Beasts*, *The Poets' Birds*, *In Garden, Orchard, and Spinney*, and so on. Mr. E. K. Robinson has most repute as a journalist, though he published last year a book entitled, *To-day with Nature*, and now promises to give us, through Messrs. Isbister, *The Photographic Butterfly-Book*. The third brother, Mr. H. P. Robinson, is, I suppose, the author of the novel called *Men Born Equal*, which appeared both in London and in New York in 1885. This Mr. Robinson seems to have published several books about photography; but there may, of course, be more than one H. P. Robinson in the literary field.

Messrs. Isbister & Co. promise us Miss Clara Morris's book of "experiences and recollections" called *Life on the Stage*: but the volume already reposes on a shelf in the library of the British Museum, having been published by McClure, Phillips & Co., both in London and in New York, so long ago as last November. I presume Messrs. Isbister have taken the book over from Messrs. McClure. Miss Morris is one of the few distinguished American actresses of to-day who have never performed before English audiences. In printing her views of *Life on the Stage* she now follows the example of Miss Mary Anderson, whose *Memories* are tolerably well known. Perhaps Miss Ada Rehan will some day give us her impressions of stage life, though she, to be sure, is an Irishwoman, not an American. Probably Miss Morris is not really American in origin.

Mr. Herman Charles Merivale's *Recollections* (now well on their way) should be among the most interesting of their kind, for Mr. Merivale has known many men and seen many things. Hitherto, apart from the texts of his acted plays, he has not published so very much—*Faunt of Balliol* (1882), *Binko's Blues* (1884), *Florien*, etc. (1884), and (with Mr. F. Marzials) that little *Life of Thackeray*. *Faunt of Balliol* tells in the form of narrative the story told in Mr. Merivale's play, "The Cynic." *Florien* is a drama in verse which has never been performed. There are still people to be found who confuse Mr. H. C. Merivale with his father, Herman Merivale, who did not come before the public in so many interesting ways.

Announcement is made of a reprint of Mr. Anstey Guthrie's *Lyre and Lancelet*. This should prove especially timely if it be true, as rumoured, that Mr. Anstey has been turning *Lyre and Lancelet* into a play—an enterprise to which he has no doubt been moved by the conspicuous success of his "Man from Blankley's."

We are to have a new edition, it seems, of Lady Duff-Gordon's *Letters from Egypt*, and also of her *Last Letters from Egypt*, with, I suppose, the *Letters from the Cape* which accompanied them. The former volume came out originally in 1805; the latter ten years later. A French translation of the *Letters* saw the light in 1879.

Mosaics: a Thought for Every Day is the title of a forthcoming volume. It will no doubt recall to others than myself an ingenious little book, called *Essays in Mosaic*, contributed by Thomas Ballantyne to the "Bayard Library" some thirty years ago.

A correspondent reminds me that in my paragraph last week about Miss Emily Lawless I forgot to mention her book, *A Garden Diary*, published last year.

Mr. W. Davenport Adams writes:—"I understand that the editor of *The Literary Year Book* considers himself aggrieved by the few lines I addressed to you last week. I am sorry for that, for nothing unfriendly was intended. I was amused to see 'some poems' included among my publications, and my brief communication was not intended to be taken *au grand sérieux*. I have since dipped into the 'Dictionary of Authors,' and have found it quite accurate where tested."

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Hindoo Love-Poems.

The Garden of Kama, and Other Love-Lyrics from India.
Arranged in Verse by Laurence Hope. (Heinemann.
5s. net.)

How far these lyrics are renderings of actual Hindoo originals, or how far they may be imitations of Hindoo poetic style, only those with expert knowledge of Hindoo poetry could say. Some are obviously written from a Western standpoint. But the question matters little. For the majority have the East written broad across them: whether direct translations, adaptations, or imitations, they render the East in terms of the West, and do so with power. They are essential translations, in the best sense; and the measure of their literal fidelity concerns us as little as in the case of FitzGerald. *The Garden of Kama* is able and interesting work; and it is now an open secret that "Laurence Hope" is the pen-name of Mrs. Malcolm Nicolson, wife of Lieutenant-General Nicolson, late of the Indian Army. Women are taking more than their share in revealing to us the Hindoo mind, and Mrs. Nicolson succeeds in poetry the prose of Mrs. F. A. Steele.

It is perhaps inevitable that some reviewers have raised the great comparison of FitzGerald; but it can do no good service to Mrs. Nicolson—or "Laurence Hope." She is very far from the uniform classic perfection of form and diction which have helped to make "Fitz's" *Omar Khayyam* itself a classic. All Laurence Hope's poems are not fine poetry, by any means; which may be caused by the weakness of her originals. But the inequality of the execution is her own, and often her technique shows the awkwardness of the amateur. It is a passing flaw, an inexperience, but quite sufficient to make over-exalted comparisons invidious. At her best, however, the sun of the East is in her lyrics, and the execution on a level with the emotional fervour. Perhaps it needed a woman to interpret the emotional abandonment of the songs of India. It is no Western love which they breathe. It is a love frankly and completely on the plane of the senses, with no admixture of spirit; it is a love without reservations; and a love which does not even expect to last. The utter self-abandonment to the rush of passion, the belief that love is a power fatal and beyond resistance, the entire throwing one's self under the feet of the beloved—especially on the part of women; these things are of the East wholly, and exotic to the Western mind. Even more strong in contrast to the Western reader is the fleetingness which all these lyrics regard as inherent in love. Seize it quickly, and seize it fiercely, for to-morrow it dies: that is their note. A flame of flax, hot, sudden, and suddenly gone, is the love of *The Garden of Kama*. And always there broods over it the menace of tragedy. With such love, indeed, tragedy must needs be a constant companion. The passionate self-surrender of this Hindoo love is well seen in *Less than the Dust*, which is also one of the author's best pieces:

Less than the dust beneath thy Chariot wheel,
Less than the rust that never stained thy Sword,
Less than the trust thou hast in me, O Lord,
Even less than these!

Less than the weed, that grows beside thy door,
Less than the speed of hours spent far from thee,
Less than the need thou hast in life of me,
Even less am I.

Since I, O Lord, am nothing unto thee,
See here thy Sword, I make it keen and bright,
Love's last reward, Death, comes to me to-night,
Farewell, Zahir-u-din.

That is strong, and full of lyric passion, while the execution is sustained throughout. It has both the abandonment and the tragic note of this Hindoo eroticism. The woman is not loved—then she will die as simple matter of course. Male passion shows itself only less tragically complete in self-surrender in the lament of Mohamed Akram, *To the Unattainable*:

I would have taken Golden Stars from the sky for your necklace,
I would have shaken rose-leaves for your rest from all the rose-trees.

But you had no need; the short sweet grass sufficed for your slumber,
And you took no heed of such trifles as gold or a necklace.

There is an hour, at twilight, too heavy with memory.
There is a flower that I fear, for her hair had its fragrance.

I would have squandered Youth for you, and its hope and its promise,
Before you wandered, careless, away from my useless passion.

But what is the use of my speech, since I know of no words to recall you?
I am praying that Time may teach, you your Cruelty, me, Forgetfulness.

That, too, is a successful poem, with a certain delicacy of fancy which is apparent in all the poems assigned to Mohamed Akram. We wish the *Marriage Thoughts* of Morsellin Khan were not too long for quotation. It is really a charming little prothalamion, as may be gathered partly from the opening:

BRIDEGROOM.

I give you my house and my lands, all golden with harvest;
My sword, my shield, and my jewels, the spoils of my strife,
My strength and my dreams, and aught I have gathered of glory,
And to-night—to-night, I shall give you my very life.

BRIDE.

I may not raise my eyes, oh my lord, towards you,
And I may not speak; what matter? my voice would fail.
But through my downcast lashes, feeling your beauty,
I shiver and burn with pleasure beneath my veil.

The gay and naïf little poem proceeds with attendant choruses of women, in true prothalamial form: the divergence characteristic of the East is at the end, where the passing mendicant begs his share of the marriage-feast. He, too, adds the tragic touch which must come, even here; he obtrudes the thought of pilgrimage, and that love is a dream, and life scarce more. The great elementary unity of marriage-joy has made East and West strikingly akin in all else of this poem; but here the brooding East asserts its separateness. A strange and delicately perfect little poem comes from Kashmir—one would rather have said Paris of the decadence.

You never loved me, and yet to save me,
One unforgettable night you gave me
Such chill embraces as the snow-covered heights
Receive from clouds, in northern, Auroral nights.
Such keen communion as the frozen mere
Has with immaculate moonlight, cold and clear.
And all desire,
Like fading fire,
Died slowly, faded surely, and sunk to rest
Against the delicate chillness of your breast.

Tell us this was Mr. Arthur Symonds, we might believe;
but Juma, a Kashmiri! It comes with a strange surprise.

The poem, however, is solitary in *The Garden of Kama*. You have other varieties enough. The Afridi lover, addressing his frail beloved as she lies awaiting the retributive sword-edge; sinister stories by Lalla-ji, the Priest, one of which has little to do with Kama, it would seem, and numberless echoes of the one fevered love-cry which sounds through the book:

What is my life but a breath
Of passion burning away!
Away for an unplucked flower.
Oh, Aziza whom I adore,
Aziza my one delight,
Only one night, I will die before day,
And trouble your life no more."

The lyric Kama, more elementary than the lyric Eros, is what Laurence Hope has given us; and we thank her for the gift, which is interesting, and rendered with more accomplishment than any of her predecessors have shown. It is a book which deserves to be read—and kept.

Scientific Globe-Trotting.

Head-Hunters, Black, White, and Brown. By Alfred C. Haddon, University Lecturer in Ethnology, Cambridge. (Methuen. 15s.)

THE efforts which have lately been made to put anthropology on the footing of a regular science are beginning to bear fruit; and the voyage of Mr. Haddon to the Pacific, at the expense of the University, and equipped with all the latest fads in the way of cinematographs, phonographs, anthropometric instruments, and experts to work them, is part of their outcome. The expedition seems to have visited Mr. Haddon's old hunting-ground in the Islands of the Torres Straits, then New Guinea, and finally North Borneo, gleaned, no doubt, a sufficient quantity of anthropological material in each. As, however, all account of this seems to be held over for some more scientific form of publication, or, at all events, for a later book, we can say nothing as to this, and must look on this record of the expedition from its globe-trotting side merely. Here we must say that we think the book has suffered from the rigid exclusion of scientific material. It might, of course, have been possible to deal with the travels of a few University men in a still savage quarter of the globe in the amusing way of which Lord Dufferin's *Letters from High Latitudes* was the best as well as the earliest example. But to do this would require a more skilled pen than that of Mr. Haddon, and perhaps the freshness of impression that results from seeing a place for the first time. As it is, Mr. Haddon repeatedly alludes to people as "Anderson," "Matu," and the like *tout court*, and forgets to tell us for some pages who Anderson and Matu were. Nor is his literary style altogether to be commended in other respects. When he unbends, it is after the manner of the dons, with such elephantine gaiety that he talks of "yarning," "dumping our swag," uses "sunk" as a perfect, and even commits a very flagrant "and which." When he relapses into what we must presume to be his native speech, he talks of "visual acuity" instead of acuteness of sight, of "coastal" populations, of tops which "span" (!) for twenty minutes, and of people being "practically solely occupied." A little more attention to grace of diction would certainly have made his facts a good deal more acceptable.

This apart, there are several things in the book which make it well worth reading. The extent to which the missionaries dominate the Western Pacific appears in almost every page, and, although Mr. Haddon speaks with high praise of their helpfulness and courtesy to white travellers, he is evidently not quite easy as to whether this new

version of Paraguay is altogether for the natives' good. On the island of Mabuiag, for instance, he tells us that the coming in of the whites has caused the men to forsake their old mode of life, and to spend their time in diving for pearl-shell:

They generally start out on Monday, and return on Friday or Saturday. All the time they are away they feed on tinned meat, biscuits, flour, and other white man's food. They get accustomed to this food, and as they are away from home so much they cannot "make" their gardens. Thus it comes about that agriculture, as well as fishing, is greatly neglected, and a considerable portion of their food has to be bought from the stores. . . . Many are considerably in debt to the traders, and often the traders have to advance supplies of flour and food to ward off starvation. With all their apparent prosperity, the people are really in a false economic condition, and their future may yet be temporarily deplorable.

Yet we hear that the institution of the "May Meeting" is in full force throughout the islands, and that the weekly offertories in the church at Mabuiag amounted in the year to £64 15s. 1d. If all this went to the missionary in charge there would be something to be said in its favour as *frais d'administration*, since he is practically the magistrate as well as the teacher of Western culture to the little community. But Mr. Haddon tells us that one-half is paid over to the London Missionary Society, who receive besides all the collections at the May Meetings. In marked contrast to this excessive taxation for the benefit of a foreign Society is the state of things that Mr. Haddon saw in Sarawak, where the paternal despotism of the Brooke family has steadily refused to allow the country to be exploited for the benefit of Europeans, and has reduced taxation to a minimum. The reigning family has also insisted on perfect religious freedom throughout their dominion, which has resulted in their subjects retaining the Mahomedan faith. Is not this better for them at present than the barely skin-deep Christianity taught by the devoted Fathers of the Sacred Heart Mission in New Guinea, where Mr. Haddon saw two Papuan acolytes disrobe behind the altar and come forth absolutely naked! He hopes, with some sarcasm, that "the grace in their hearts was of a more permanent character than the brief adorning of their persons with the garments of Christian ceremonial."

Leaving this burning question, we find much singular information upon the natives, such as few persons but trained anthropologists could have succeeded in collecting. It is astonishing to hear that while the Murray Islanders have not, as a rule, any greater powers of sight, smell, or hearing than Europeans, they far surpass them in the ease and correctness of their "mirror-writing," which Mr. Haddon explains as "that reversed form of writing which comes right when looked at in a glass." This corresponds to the faculty possessed by certain South African tribes of making a series of apparently unconnected dots in the sand, and then producing a picture of a horse or other animal by one swiftly-drawn line, and seems to show that the highly artistic faculty of keeping accurate pictures of objects in the mind's eye is more natural to primitive than to civilised man. Throughout the Pacific, we are told, it is the ladies who propose matrimony, while the object of their pursuit displays all the coyness and "stand-offishness" which is here thought proper to the female sex. According to some philosophers, it is this liberty of choice which is the real object underlying the talk about "women's rights," and it may therefore be that feminism is really a reversion. So, *pace* Mr. Haddon, are our square dances, which are relics of the elaborate figures representing the operations of war, agriculture, and the chase, which were performed for his benefit at many of the islands. These are said to be discouraged by the missionaries as too reminiscent of heathen times, as well as involving a "dé-

colletage"—using the word in its transferred meaning—carried beyond their somewhat Philistine ideas of propriety. Yet the native ladies manage to get the better of their pastors in this respect, and keep up the customs of their forefathers clad only in what Mr. Haddon calls their "pretty leaf petticoats." A "flighty girl," he tells us, will even contrive, by dancing, like Queen Elizabeth, high and disposedly, to leave as little to the imagination as a modern ballet-dancer. But this is only another instance of the fact which, he says in one of his relapses into sententiousness, is always striking us—"the essential identity of the human mind under all varying conditions of race and climate."

More State Trials.

State Trials. Edited by H. L. Stephen. Vols. III. and IV. (Duckworth. 5s. net.)

A reprint of Howell's *State Trials* would have been too cumbrous for this generation. Mr. Stephen, as we said when reviewing the first two volumes, brings to Howell a discreet sense of what is most picturesque and important in that mine. Some may think that his blithe cheeriness, his dedicatory familiar epistle, written from the debonair West-End, the dainty *format* of the books, accord ill with his grim subject matter. And one does not need to be morbid-minded to wish for as little editing as possible in such matters. Sociological documents want very spare treatment by editors. The bloom is easily rubbed off.

But Mr. Stephen's aim was to make four readable volumes out of Howell's thirty and three cumbersome ancient ones; and in this he has succeeded with distinction. We can think of few recent books that are more readable. Most novels certainly are not in the running at all. Incidentally we might remark that of the raw material for fiction and the drama this work is compact. To any playwright in want of a good motive for a short comedy-episode—say Mr. Frankfort Moore—we recommend the immediate study of the case of Beau Feilding, Mrs. Villars, Mrs. Wadsworth, the Duchess of Cleveland, and the widow Duleau, whom the Beau never saw. The thing is automatic: the Beau's wrongs write themselves. It is almost ready for the Haymarket as it stands.

But the revelation of this book, to any thoughtful person who has not previously met with *State trials* in any form, will be the exquisite English of the evidence, its racy idiom, in short, its style. Here is style in essence. For nervous, direct simplicity it is common to bid the tyro go to Defoe; but he may as well come here. Life is ever a better dominion than literature.

Take two passages from the Annesley evidence. That case, tried in 1748, was to discover whether or not the plaintiff to the Anglesey title was or was not the son of Lady Altham. Half the witnesses swear to Lady Altham having had a son; the others swear she never had. As the speakers go on, one after the other, the whole household is reconstructed—Lord Altham, Lady Altham, the visitors, the servants. Here is what Thomas Barns deposed:

He met Lord Altham in the spring of 1715, in the kitchen of an inn at Ross; that after they had dined together upstairs, and while they were drinking some wine, Lord Altham said, Tom, I'll tell you some good news, I have a son by Moll Sheffield; deponent thereupon shook his head (not remembering she was my lord's wife) and said, Who is Moll Sheffield? My lord taking notice of the deponent's meaning, said, Zounds man, she is my wife; upon which deponent said, My lord, I humbly beg your pardon, I am sorry for what I said. Until my lord

had mentioned that she was his wife, he took her to be a naughty pack; but afterwards recollected that my lord's wife was the duke of Buckingham's daughter; and deponent then advised my lord, since he had a son, to take care of his wife, and discharge all other women.

Joan Laffan, chambermaid, had a long story to tell, of which this is a portion:

She remembers the day Tom Palliser had his ear cut off; she had the child in her hand, and the child showed her some of the blood which had fallen from Palliser's ear on the ground. Mr. Palliser saw the child. The occasion of my lord's cutting off his ear was, that some of the family had made my lord jealous of him, and contrived that morning to get him into my lady's chamber when she was in bed and asleep, and then they brought my lord, who being by this stratagem confirmed in his suspicions, ordered Tom Palliser to be dragged out of my lady's bed-chamber by the servants, and with a sword was going to run him through the body; but the servants interposed, and begged my lord not to take away his life, and only to cut off his nose or one of his ears; and accordingly the huntsman was ordered to cut off his ear, which he did in the room next the yellow room. The servants kicked him downstairs, and turned him out of the gate, and this happened on a Sunday morning; my lady left the house of Dunmaine the same day and went to Ross.

Lastly, here is a scrap from the deposition of Bartholomew Furlong, provision dealer, whose wife wished to nurse the Altham child:

My lady was taller than my lord; she was a tall, black woman, with a good complexion. By a good complexion he meant a fair one. His wife was a brown woman; Lady Altham was not of the same colour; they ought not (in one day) to be compared together; to be sure, Lady Altham was fifty times beyond his wife, though his wife was more pleasing to him.

Are not these vivid glimpses of people and scenes vanished nearly two hundred years? One must strive hard at the profession of writer to invent and describe like that.

It is odd to think that the report of the Liverpool Bank case, for example, which has just been finished, will one day almost certainly be included in a selection like Mr. Stephen's, and will read as quaintly as some of his do to us. But it will lack the charm of, say, the Annesley evidence. Reports have a more commercial phraseology than once they had.

The principal trials in these volumes are those of the Earl of Essex, 1600; Robert Green and others, 1679; Beau Feilding, 1706; the Annesley case, 1748; and Lord Byron (for the murder of Mr. Chaworth in a duel), 1765. We recommend the selection very cordially.

Acceptable Nothings.

The Diary of Samuel Teedon. Edited by Thomas Wright. (Unicorn Press. 5s.)

This is the rough and ready diary of the evangelical schoolmaster with whom Cowper had such close relations at Olney. Samuel Teedon was a rather odd character. He combined a knowledge of Greek and Latin with a very slovenly style of English, and he was as fixed in his belief that he was specially favoured by Providence as Cowper was in thinking himself forgotten and accursed. Cowper consulted him in spiritual, and helped him in worldly matters; he and Mrs. Unwin allowing him £30 a year to mitigate his poverty, while Teedon sent Cowper his "experiences" and "communications." It is not surprising that the schoolmaster has been called a dunce for his grammar, and a hypocrite for his piety; but Mr. Wright declares he was neither, and we are inclined to agree with him.

Moreover, Teedon's relations with Cowper are not the whole interest of his Diary, which affords a curious droning picture of English rural life a little more than a century ago. The *dramatis persone* include Teedon's immediate household: his cousin, Elizabeth Killingworth, called "Mammy"; her son, Eusebius, called "Worthy," a bookbinder; and "Polly," who passed as Teedon's cousin, but was reputed to be his daughter. Cowper figures as "the Esquire," and Mrs. Unwin as "Madam." A little crowd of ministers and neighbours flit through the pages, which are filled with brief, carelessly-written notes of calls, sermons, bargains, ailments, and all the little events of Olney between October, 1791, and February, 1794.

So crabbed and brief are Teedon's notes that at first sight they promise the reader more toil than amusement; yet in their cumulative effect they are not to be despised. It is as though you wandered through an old churchyard, and the annals of its long-slept dead were made legible as their epitaphs. In this mood of dilatory and whimsical interest you may find nothing tedious in notes like these:

1792, April 2.—I went to the prayer meet^s at Mr. Sutcliff's. In the season of going to bed, about $\frac{1}{2}$ after 10, we were alarmed with a stone flung with great violence against the street-door. Found it, as we suspected, by Handsecomb. J. Richardson owned it was he that just passed by & himself. I afterwards heard Isaac tell him on the other side of the Market-place what he and we said, &c.

—April 3.—Mr. Chater came and paid me the balance 6s. 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. I went to Mr. Andrews, draper, to ask his advice regarding Handsecomb's insults, who said, if he might advise he would take no notice at present & unless repeated, let it pass, &c.

—April 5.—I writ to Mad^m. I went and rec^d my Q^r of Mr. Handsecomb, who behaved very becoming, & said he was very sorry he should misbehave himself & I [he] promised he would never do the like [again] & that Mrs. Gray he had desired to clear him from the stone throw^s.

—April 6.—Polly was told by Mrs. Gray, Handsecomb had been with her to clear him & she found the stone was cast by G. Mead. Polly & Mammy at Prayers in the morn & car^d to Church the Clerk's fee. I went in the eve. Worthy took very ill at school, & when I was at church more violently, so that I was sent for but met the boy com^s from church.

In short, if you will be Mr. Teedon's sentimental col laborator, and not merely his mechanical reader, you may reconstruct in prose the rural life which Cowper described in poetry. Even an entry like this—how gently it suggests that man who is born of woman hath but few years to live.

1792, May 12.—I called on Mrs. Bean & watered the July-flowers & on Mrs. Chater & Mrs. Harris.

Once when Cowper contemplated a journey into Sussex he must needs consult Teedon, who accordingly prayed on the matter. The results are noted:

1792, Feb. 21.—I this morn solemnly invoked the Lord for a word of direction concerning the Sussex journey. I obtained this *Go, & I will be with him and afterwards And he went to Bethel to enquire of the Lord who said I will go down with thee into Egypt and will bring thee up again.*

—Feb. 22.—I rec^d early this morn^s a note expressing full satisfaction from the Esq^r & when I came over he would supply my wants in his absence.

One name, casually introduced, is melodious of the old time. Are there any Sally Roybythorn's left in Bucks?

1792, Dec. 10.—Sally Roybythorn come in the eve school. I car^d home Dr. Manton new backed to Mr. Clark & had 20^d. I went with Quarles to Miss Bean. I went to Mrs. Palmer's and related Mrs. Hughes' misbehaviour & rec^d a Quarter & a tinder box. I writ to the Esq^r.

To conclude, here is an entry of varied and typical interest:

1793, June 13.—Rec^d a present of fish from Mr. Higgins. I went & heard Mr. Scott from 12 Lu. who rode, he told us, 46 miles to be treated with Contempt. He expected a small congregation, but not so small as he found, & that he thought, for the neglect of the Gospel, the Lord would take it away &c. My cousin went wth a Cheese to Weston. Mrs. Robinson's Son killed by a muck fork being run in his temples by the man at [the] muck cart.

Samuel Teedon's diary was worth printing as a curiosity for Cowper students, and as a budget of nothings for those who have the patience to see them as microscopic facets of the English life which Cowper loved and made more loveable. Mr. Wright's editing is just what it should be.

Worse than Useless.

A History of English Literature. By E. Engel. (Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.)

OUR native histories of our native literature leave much to be desired. But they are not so hopelessly bad as to justify the translation of the precious work before us. Prof. Engel's "History" was originally, we believe, issued a good many years ago, and it is charitable to infer that it was once more nearly abreast with modern scholarship than it now remains. We certainly do not find that the somewhat perfunctory revision which the latest, or fourth, edition appears to have received has done much to bring either the text or the bibliographies up to date. The translation, for which Mr. Hamley Bent is mainly responsible, is, so far as the English goes, tolerable. Many glaring errors of fact have, however, been left uncorrected. In the chapter on Shakespeare, for instance, we find that unfortunate Mary Fitton rendered even more unhappy by being spelt "Mary Filton," and we find the old myth about Shakespeare's share in a perfectly fictitious Blackfriars theatre in 1589 still flourishing. But the book has graver faults than inaccuracy, although even that, in a handbook intended for the use of "the more intelligent class of readers, teachers, and maturer students," is no trifle. Dr. Engel's manner is pretentious, and his assertions are positive. But we do not discover that he has any sense of literary proportion, or any critical insight into the genius of the literature which he professes to teach. Of the first failing, his wholly inadequate treatment of sixteenth and seventeenth century poetry, outside the drama, may stand as an example. He writes:

Even the Cavalier party produced nothing remarkable in this class of poetry. Histories of literature give the names of a host of loyal lyric writers, but they are no more than names. The Davenants, Wallers, Lovelaces, Cowleys, Carews, and Sucklings have left whole volumes of lyrics, but hardly one of their poems is worth remembering.

Breton, Campion, Marvell, Crashaw, George Herbert, Vaughan, are a few only of the other writers who, judging by Prof. Engel's failure to mention them, come under a similar condemnation. But then he considers the years of the Civil Wars as "unpoetical, dreadful times." As for critical capacity, the reader is invited to turn to the account of the literature of the nineteenth century, which is made to centre, as indeed it does for many imperfectly instructed foreigners, round the personality of Byron. In fact, after Byron, and, in a lesser degree, Shelley, there is very little in the poetry of their time worth considering. Keats left a moderate-sized volume, whose "contents do not justify the opinion that he was already a great poet at the time of his death." As for the group of writers for whom the English name is "Lakists" or "Lakers,"

If Wordsworth and his colleagues really introduced anything new, it seems to be due to the fact that, since their

days English æstheticism has regarded superficial religious feeling, serious twaddle, and certain weak and simple sketches from Nature as the very height of poetry.

This mistake is largely due to the influence of Matthew Arnold, "a poet below mediocrity, a narrow-minded critic." Need we go on? Of *In Memoriam*, "the purely poetic merit is small." Of Browning, Rossetti, and Morris, "it is very improbable that anything they have written will survive and find imitators." On the other hand, "to find a deeply sympathetic heart and a warm, patriotic spirit embodied in verse, we must read the poems of"—Thomas Hood and Ebenezer Elliott, while many of Barry Cornwall's songs "will ensure him the name of a poet and a warm-hearted philanthropist." Probably such a book as this will soon find its level, but we are not grateful to those persons who have thrust it upon an already overstocked market.

The Scenery of England.

The Scenery of England, and the Causes to which It is Due. By the Right Hon. Lord Avebury (Macmillan. 15s. net.)

THE attractive title which Lord Avebury has chosen for his new book is scarcely justified by the book itself. Those who begin to read in the hope of having their sense of the natural beauty of England enhanced or refreshed will be disappointed. Lord Avebury deals much more with the physical geography than with the physical loveliness of our islands; and the geography is mainly underground, geological. Indeed, with the scenery of England, simply as scenery, he does not deal at all. This, we fear, is less because he means to be strictly scientific than because he lacks the gift of being something more. He would, we are sure, be artistic, if he could, as well. This is shown by the title of his book and by the excerpts from Byron and other poets with which he occasionally prefaces his chapters.

It is not merely because the title is misleading that we make these remarks. What strikes us on reading Lord Avebury's work is the old question: Does a profound scientific knowledge of nature encourage or discourage a man's poetical imagination? This is a question which, especially in America, arises periodically. Lowell discussed it, and bestowed his benison on Science as an ally of spiritual and æsthetic insight. Dr. Gordon Hake once wrote a book of poems, *The New Day*, in order to prove that such discoveries as Evolution, which, at any rate at first, are disquieting to the theologian, heighten the seer's delight in the wonder and witchery of the universe. If we may judge by the work before us, they do not, alack, impart to the seer the gift of expression according to any high standard of literary art. They seem, on the contrary, to curb whatever gift the seer originally had. In short, Lord Avebury's book, even apart from its misleading title, is a disappointment. It is almost as far removed from human interest as the works of Euclid are. That is a pity. Hugh Miller, Richard Jefferies, Huxley, Darwin, and many another inquirer into nature, have found it possible to weave scientific knowledge into charming literary fabrics; and their endeavours to convey their scientific knowledge were not hindered, but much helped, by their expertness in literary methods. "Of all the arts in which the wise excel, nature's chief masterpiece is writing well." This, which is true in all domains of knowledge and thought, is particularly true of the domain into which Lord Avebury has been making an excursion; for it cannot be denied that, when treated simply by themselves, the facts of geology are facts of a "dry" order.

Still, we are not by any means disposed to dismiss Lord Avebury's book lightly. In its own way it is remarkably thorough and comprehensive. It is, indeed, a history of

the earth, as exemplified on the little patch of it which at Heaven's command arose from out the azure main, since, in a fluid condition, we broke away from the sun. It is handily systematic also. Each chapter deals with a specific set of facts and conjectures; and thus, by the help of an elaborate index, we can readily find any information that it desired about anything in England, whether it be a mountain, or a river, or an extinct volcano, or a deposit of stone or soil, or even a legal custom as to the tenure of land. *The Scenery of England*, in short, is a work without which no library in a country house can be considered sufficient. It should be in every library of that class, and we hope that it will be taken down and read from time to time. Opinions in practical sciences, such as those of health and politics, and even religion, cannot but be wholesomely corrected or wholesomely matured by reference to such natural lore as Lord Avebury provides.

Problems of the Pacific.

The Mastery of the Pacific. By Archibald Colquhoun. (Heinemann. 18s. net.)

A SUCCESSION of events, all occurring in the countries which lie adjacent to the vast expanse of ocean which, with a fine irony, man has named "the Pacific," has drawn the eyes of most thoughtful people to those troubled waters, and to the no less troubled lands, which form their immense littoral. For in this quarter of the globe history has of late been making itself with feverish rapidity. The war between China and Japan was the first occurrence of importance. Next the Battle of Manila Bay led to the United States being suddenly and unexpectedly "pitchforked," as it has been called, into the Philippines. Hard upon this came the serious outbreak in China, which is only now at an end, and more recently still we have witnessed the birth of the Australian Commonwealth, have seen the long-debated Central American Canal freed from the obstacles which have delayed its construction, and, finally, have found ourselves cemented to Japan by a formal offensive and defensive alliance. Any one of these happenings would, standing alone, have been fraught with grave consequences, introducing, as it could not fail to do, new elements into an already complicated problem; occurring all within the space of a few years, they have produced a tangled skein indeed for the chancelleries of the world to unravel. Therefore, we hail Mr. Colquhoun's latest book as a useful contribution to a question—or, rather, a conglomeration of questions—to which it is well that the attention of the public should be directed. None the less, we regret that Mr. Colquhoun has not seen fit to confine himself to the politics of the Pacific littorals. The matters which call for discussion in the area which he has selected for study are of the first importance, are immensely complex, and are very imperfectly understood by that modern whipping-boy the "Man in the Street." Nearly half the volume is occupied by descriptive chapters, from which, though they rarely rise above the level of a good guide-book, the uninitiated may learn a great deal concerning the outward seeming of many lands and their inhabitants. Doubtless these chapters are intended to leaven the whole, and adapt the book to the palate of those who find political questions dull, but Mr. Colquhoun can only write of these countries from the standpoint of the casual visitor, and of their inhabitants he can have acquired but little intimate first-hand knowledge. Much space, for instance, is devoted to ethnology; but though Mr. Colquhoun assures us, somewhat pathetically, that he has "consulted the best authorities," it is obvious that he is himself no ethnologist. Were he an expert in such matters he would

hardly class the Dyaks as a non-Malayan race, would not locate them in British North Borneo, would not confuse them with the Dusuns, nor speak of the Muruts as "Malays." That, by the way; for the *gravamen* of our complaint is that, in trying to render his work what is called "popular," Mr. Colquhoun has wasted a great deal of valuable space, and has not left himself room in which to move freely when he comes to matters of a deeper interest. The only chapters of a descriptive nature which we would not willingly have lost are those which deal with the Philippines, and more especially with the islands under their new rulers, and the twenty odd pages devoted to an examination of the experiment in colonial administration which the Japanese are essaying in Formosa.

Space forbids that we should do more than glance at some of the weighty subjects upon which Mr. Colquhoun has set himself to write. They are the various theories and practices which regulate the management of "the raw and the naked lands" by Great Britain, by Holland, by Japan, France, Germany, and Russia; the labour question, and alien, and especially Chinese, immigration into countries inhabited by Europeans, who cannot work for starvation wages, or by indolent brown folk, who will not work (if they can help it) for any wages at all. He attempts to forecast how the new Commonwealth will affect the situation in the Pacific; what will be the result of the wholesale introduction of education, by which American visionaries purpose to transform the "little brown brother" into a full-blown white man in the space of a few decades, in order that he may take his place eventually as the American citizen, for which he was obviously not intended by Providence. Mr. Colquhoun lays claim to no prophetic powers, but his views are broad, his political facts are carefully collected, and his judgment is calm, and, for the most part, sound. He does not appear to know his own mind quite definitely upon some subjects—as when he speaks of the partition of China as a certainty, on page 45, and expresses a very much modified opinion later in the book—and on other points we are unable to agree with his conclusions. The advisability of excluding Chinese from the Philippines and other countries inhabited by a Malayan race, for instance, in the vain hope that the natives will thereby be saved from the inevitable process of attrition which must result from contact with stronger breeds, appears to us to be at once undesirable and impossible, in view of the economic requirements of the countries themselves. Mr. Colquhoun writes, as always, in a pleasant, easy style—never brilliant, but never dull.

Studies in Sentiment.

Women in Love. By Alfred Sutro. (Allen. 6s.)

THESE eight "studies in sentiment" are cast into dialogue, but scarcely into dramatic, form. They are, however, quite sufficiently conventional in conception to fall within the hard and fast rules of the modern British stage; all that they lack, to make them agreeable in the eyes of the actor-manager, is the opposite of that quality known in the Strand as "slightness." Mr. Sutro's imagination works, not directly upon the raw material of life, but indirectly upon the manufactured material of novels and plays. He takes his characters at second-hand; he then invents a situation according to the pattern of situations which must be familiar to all novel-readers and theatre-goers; then finally, in details of psychology, or, in some strange and rather clever turn of intrigue, he gives a superficial air of freshness to that which is intrinsically trite; only in this third stage of composition is Mr. Sutro really himself. In the first piece, "The Correct Thing," we have "the drawing-room of a pleasant little house that lies hidden away in a St. John's Wood garden . . . furniture and

pictures . . . bearing evidence of artistic and tasteful selection. . . . Miss Bellamy is a fragile creature of twenty-five; an exquisitely handsome brunette, with dark flashing eyes. Her dress, beneath her long opera-cloak, is exceedingly tasteful in its extreme simplicity." We know that charming but disreputable nest, with its pretty love-bird who is not as other wantons are. Kitty Bellamy was of humble origin, but she had educated herself so as not to disgrace her lover, the Honourable D'Arcy. We know the fatal night on which the sprig of aristocracy announces his engagement to "another," and we intimately know Kitty's proud assertion of her purity, her scornful refusal of money, and her announcement that she will seek honest work on the morrow. Mr. Alfred Sutro may idealise and sentimentalise the re-invention as much as he likes—and we admit that he performs his tricks very neatly—but he cannot disguise the fact that his St. John's Wood is the St. John's Wood of Mudie's Library. "The simplicity of Venus' doves" is not so in actual life. In the second piece we have the old familiar faces of the cardsharp who rooks young fools who are baited by the seductive attractions of his mistress. The gambler's mistress is the divorced wife of an earl; but she, too, is another dove soiled of body, though not soiled of soul. And when young Sir Harry, with boyish passion, wants to marry her, she refuses the sore temptation (of course because she loves him), and looks forward with calm and noble despair to the time when her master will cast her off as being too old for her part. In the third piece we have the usual studio in West Kensington. Husband, an unsuccessful artist; wife, a successful novelist. The poor failure of a husband happens to read a letter which proves that his wife is loved by another man, and he resolves to commit suicide. She catches him in the nick of time, and explains to him—what he would surely have perceived for himself had he not been blinded in the glare of the footlights—that it is her husband, after all, whom she loves. In the fourth we have the medical genius who might have achieved renown in Harley Street, but prefers to heal the slums of the East End. His proposal to, and acceptance by, the lovely American heiress is the feeblest thing in the book. So the "studies" run. The last piece is certainly the best. Here we have another unsuccessful husband, a bank-manager, whose self-esteem is reconstituted by his wife in a scene which, if it shows rather too fine a regard for the nice balance of eloquent sentences, is certainly a powerful and sincere statement of the case for quiet homely happiness against worldly triumphs. Mr. Sutro undoubtedly possesses the art of narrative in dialogue, but his notions of what constitutes "style" are very wrong.

Other New Books.

Friends That Fail Not: Light Essays Concerning Books.
By Cecil Headlam. (3s. 6d.)

THESE are in effect pleasant little chats with the reader concerning various literary themes. It is impossible to say that the author has any very original standpoint, or anything very new to observe concerning the themes he treats. Yet it would be an ungracious reader who quarrelled with essays so unpretentious, pleasant, and cultivated. Naturally, Mr. Headlam's gossiping and somewhat discursive method is especially suited to allusive and reminiscent papers—that on poets and tobacco, for instance, which he calls *As the Smoke Vanisheth*. It is entertaining—and mentally unfatiguing—to lounge in your chair, with the theme of the article curling from your lips, and follow an enthusiastic writer's summary of all that the poets have said about tobacco, while you encourage yourself with the illustrious list of great devotees to the "noxious weed." If you sigh a little over the inevitable mention

of Raleigh's cold water douche in the cause of nicotine, you are compensated by the reminder—perhaps the information—that the illustrious poet-adventurer smoked a pipe of tobacco just before he walked to the scaffold. "Tis indeed good, if a man might tarry by it," said poor, undaunted Raleigh. And one feels that tobacco has been given a dignity, smoking a consecration. So with the paper on the art of cursing and swearing (the title is not the author's); whence, among other things, you may learn how to curse politely in Spanish. A pleasant book, this, for a light moment, if graver praise cannot be given—as indeed it is not sought.

Seventy-One Days' Camping in Morocco. By Lady Grove. (Longmans. 7s. 6d. net.)

AGAIN, and yet again, Morocco! What—Mr. Cunningham Grahame or the recent Moroccan embassy to London—has sent so many Englishmen touring simultaneously in Morocco? Why (to speak *more Hibernico*) are most of them Englishwomen? And why do they all write books? More remarkable still, and most complimentary to the attractions of Morocco, all the books are interesting. Some more, some less, but none has come before us without its degree of charm. Lady Grove's is no exception to the rule. The photograph of the authoress in mountain walking-costume, on page 94, is sufficient to bias the most resolutely impartial reviewer; and if you get but a sketchy, not to say flying, glimpse of Morocco as a whole, the simple record of holiday-making in a strange land pleases you, though you have read the like facts and learned the like characteristics in half a dozen books before. It is in the country, and a fair traveller has but to observe the modesty of nature and her sex for her unvarnished tale of the land to hold you. Here we have again the richly beautiful interiors, exasperatingly decorated with beautiful things of the past and mean vileness from Manchester; the colour, the unconscious art still living its antique life in the open sun, and the decay slowly cankering it all. Modern progress clutching at the land, symbolised by the conquering agencies of Maxims and Manchester. If, like a crab, it could go backwards! But modernity has marked Morocco for its own, and Lady Grove's book, with its sisters, is a sign of it. It is intelligent, clearly and simply written, and deserves reading though you have read a dozen before.

No Rates and Taxes. By Thomas Pinkerton. (Arrowsmith. 1s.)

MR. PINKERTON'S fantasy is good reading, but might have been better, one feels, had he given more time and trouble to it. Briefly, it is a comic dream of the future, describing what began by being a perfect city and its civilisation, incidentally touching on many of the questions of the day, including the bi-literal cipher. Here is a characteristic passage:

The discovery that everyone has his soul-garden has put an end to all poetry of the sad, doomful, and minor kind. It was found that the soul-garden of the melancholy poet was Saturn, the most dismal, uncomfortable, old-fashioned, and distressful of all the planets; but that he could escape the having to go there by abstaining from verse. Saturn is truly a grim and murky place. There Shelley, king of that lorn coast, shrills his writhed shell. There the mournful Lamartine vents his larmes and lamentations in the service of the Muse of the dying swan. There Hemans attunes her harpings to the sad dolings of the dying duck. The tufaceous Tupper, crowned with the fond fools-parsley, sends streams of proverbs, thick as November meteors, athwart the mirk. The lymphful Whitman, crowned with the sad sea-

lettuce, wails his wild wiltings to the listening waste. Young, too, adumbrates his night thoughts beneath a bower of nightshade.

Hence, in the country of Mr. Pinkerton's fancy, there was nothing terrible about death. "Upon a death occurring, the proper official appointed to pronounce that life was extinct was sent for. Then the body, in the dead of night, was taken to the nearest refuse-destroyer. On the following day a card of this sort—the inscription varied very little—was sent to relatives and friends:

Yesterday
JOHN BROWN,
in the hope of a happy new body,
set out for
his soul-garden.
P.S.—No flowers: no family row."

One likes a satire of this kind to have perhaps rather more concentration than Mr. Pinkerton's; to be aimed more directly at one thing; but, as we have said, his little book is good reading. When, however, is he going to give his admirers—few, but fitting—another novel of modern life, like *John Newbold's Ordeal*?

Florilegium Latinum. Vol. II. Edited by F. St. John Thackeray, M.A., F.S.A., and E. D. Stone, M.A. (Lane.)

THE educational value of composition in Latin and Greek verse may be open to question, but there is no doubt that it provides a most elegant recreation for the mature scholar. The present volume, which is supplementary to another in the same series of "Bodley Head Anthologies," contains renderings from poets subsequent to Landor. The contributors are predominantly Eton and Cambridge men, although Prof. Robinson Ellis, Mr. A. D. Godley, and one or two others stand for Oxford, and Profs. Bury and Tyrrell for Dublin. Even within its limits it is hardly so representative of Cambridge as the *Nova Anthologia Oxoniensis*, issued two or three years ago, was of Oxford scholarship, for precisely half of the two hundred and four pieces which it contains are from the pen of a single writer, one of the joint editors, Mr. E. D. Stone. Amongst the names of the other translators we are interested to notice that of Mr. Arnold Ward, of Balliol, who is, we understand, a son of Mrs. Humphry Ward. The elegiacs, sapphics, and so forth of Mr. Stone and his colleagues are neat and finished; but it must be confessed that, as in many books of this kind, the collection of English passages from which the Latin versions are made is more fascinating still. Practically, it affords at once an anthology of modern verse comparatively unfettered by considerations of copyright and a guide to the tendencies of the existing academic taste in literature. The writer most popular amongst translators still appears to be Tennyson; next to him, *sed longo intervallo*, come Matthew Arnold and Mr. William Watson; then Mr. Swinburne and Stevenson. But other writers are drawn upon with some catholicity. Amongst those still living, Mr. Bridges, Mr. Davidson, Mr. Henley, Mr. Mackail, Mrs. Meynell, Mr. Newbolt, Mr. Phillips, and Mr. Thompson all find a place.

Shakespear. By W. Carew Hazlitt. (Quaritch. 7s. 6d. net.)

It is rapidly becoming immoral to write a book on Shakespear (not Shakespear as Mr. Hazlitt has it) unless you really have something worth saying to say. We do not honestly think that Mr. Hazlitt's singularly ill-written chapters stand the test. He appears dissatisfied with Mr. Lee's *Life*, which he stigmatises as "imperfect and inaccurate enough," and as practically little more than a readable digest of Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps' *Outlines*. But his own supplement to Mr. Lee consists, with the exception of a few bibliographical details of no

great importance, mainly of the most thin-spun and fantastic of conjectures, buried in a mass of inconclusive disquisition. What confidence is to be put in the judgment of a biographer who, finding the line in a play:

And kiss me Kate, we will be married o' Sunday,

is inspired to ask, "Were the poet and Anne Hathaway united on a Sunday?" or infers from a mention of travelling on horseback in the *Sonnets* that Shakespeare rode rather than walked from Stratford to London, or gravely observes:

All that we distinguish of the early married days is an uncertain glimpse in the 143rd Sonnet of a young mother setting down her babe to run after a chicken belonging to the establishment. It may or may not be a retrospection.

It may or may not. Mr. Hazlitt identifies "Mr. W. H." with a Mr. William Hammond, of whom nothing is known which makes it possible to test the conjecture, and the rival poet, if we read him correctly, with Bartholomew Griffin, the author of "Fidessa." Let us add that in Mr. Hazlitt's opinion "in the Sonnets forsooth we see the poetical expression of the author in its earliest and rawest form." They are "vague utterances, which bespeak early composition and an undisciplined and immature taste."

The Teachings of Dante. C. A. Dinsmore. (Constable. 5s. net.)

MR. DINSMORE'S reasons for writing a book on Dante are not definitely expressed in the preface, but from an incontrovertible statement that "it is certainly of inestimable advantage to come under the influence of one of the imperial minds of the race," we conclude that he read into this conviction a call to elucidate Dante. Accordingly, what others have said well he says again less well, and what is original in his volume is original only to the ignorant. A teaching of Dante's, which we commend to Mr. Dinsmore's attention, is that every great, intellectual, moral, and imaginative writer demands from his readers intellectual comprehension, a far different thing from making the difficulties and subtleties of a master's thought and scheme so easy and banal that they lose every specific quality of the Master's mind. Mr. Dinsmore dilutes his wine until it has neither taste nor aroma. Nay, more, he is never content until he has demonstrated that Dante's philosophy is everyone's. "Whatever one's philosophy, the fact remains that in the human spirit there is an immense power of recovery, amounting practically to the wiping out of the old and the creation of the new to a Lethe and a Eunoë." And this is the way one of the subtlest difficulties of the Comedy is explained. Truly, Mr. Dinsmore brings away from Dante precisely what he took to him. "He (Dante) would have come much nearer the Biblical solution if Beatrice, the Divine Revelation—rather than Matilda, virtuous activity—had plunged him into the magical wave. It is the realisation of Divine mercy, and not absorption in work that draws the sting from the past." Possibly it is, but angels and ministers of grace defend us from these improvers of their text. "The warrior on the battlefield moves by as direct a road as the scholar in his study; the just ruler is as sure of salvation as the wan hermit in his cell." Moralising after this pattern point to Mr. Dinsmore as a representative of a large class of writers and speakers who cannot bear that allegory, parable, fable, poem, should be left to the reader unexplained, but they must thrust between him and his author their dreary platitudes and wearisome analogies. These teachers assume that the measure of their own enjoyment is warrant of their ability to interpret. Mr. Dinsmore is free to read and enjoy Dante, but why should he invite others to read him?

Messrs. Bell and Sons send us a new edition of *Webster's International Dictionary*, which, by its enlargements, by its hardy leather binding, and by the fact that it in one volume recommends itself as perhaps the most generally useful Dictionary on a large scale that is to be had for love or money. A new Supplement of 25,000 words has been added, in which, as far as we can see, every new word which science, war, or politics has recently coined is included. Having known this Dictionary for years we can heartily recommend it.

From the same publishers come: in the Bohn Libraries, Prescott's *Ferdinand and Isabella* (3 vols., 3s. 6d. each), edited, like the *Peru and Mexico*, by Mr. John Foster Kirk; in the "Cathedral" series, *Westminster Abbey and Chichester* (each 1s. 6d. net); and in the new "Continental Churches" series, *Amiens* (2s. 6d. net).

We have found the books in Messrs. Newnes's "Our Neighbours" series particularly good. We have had volumes on French, German, Russian, and Dutch life in town and country, and now comes *Swiss Life in Town and Country*, written with freshness and evident knowledge by Mr. Alfred Thomas Story. Dipping at page 134 we find a pleasant account of Ticino, the home, *par excellence*, of the Swiss waiter. It is pleasant to learn that many Tessinese do really return with their modest savings to spend under their own vines and fig-trees. "You may see them, these returned wanderers, enjoying the aftermath of life not only in Tessin, but in Graubünden also." The volume, like its predecessors, is well illustrated.

Mrs. De Salis's *A La Mode Cookery* (Longmans, 5s. net) has for its motto Dr. Johnson's "Sir, I have eat of it and shall be happy to do so again," and it is dedicated to Lady Audrey Buller. A feature of the book is its admirable coloured plates of choice dishes. Necessarily the proof of the recipes is in their eating; we can only say that they make the mouth water for Veal Cutlets à la Donna Anna, Turbot à la Mosaïque, Crème à la Coralie, and—for a tired reviewer—Brains au Gratin.

Fiction.

The Westcotes. By A. T. Quiller-Couch. (Arrowsmith.)

IF we may use a phrase which has been somewhat seriously damaged by ignoble use, there is a "charming old-world courtesy" about this book, a faint and rare fragrance emanating from it, a mellow, a fine tone sounding through it. And at the same time the brief story, with its French prisoners, and its Somersetshire gentlemen with names like Narcissus and Endymion, its faded heroine, Dorothea, of thirty-seven years, and its elaborate social ritual of courtly grace, is antique not only in matter but in manner. It seems to belong to the period when to express emotion freely was bad form. Mr. Quiller-Couch never permits himself to be overtly poignant, and even in episodes which offer genuine opportunities for the exhibition of "power" he refrains; he keeps a sedate calm, as who should say: "I need go no further in intensity; you, with your delicate perceptions, your perfect appreciation of Dorothea's quandary, would even resent a greater explicitness." Indeed, Mr. Quiller-Couch's own attitude towards Dorothea is astonishingly chivalrous—the very antithesis, for example, of Mr. George Moore's attitude towards his unhappy Teresa. "I pray you be gentle with Dorothea," he says. "Find, if you can, something admirable in this plain spinster keeping, at the age of thirty-seven, a room in her breast adorned and ready for first love; find it pitiful, if you must, that the blind boy should mistake his lodging; only do not laugh, or your laughter may accuse you in the sequel." This is charming, and so is the entire book. Nevertheless, the

author who is so particularly careful to keep his own emotions cool as Mr. Quiller-Couch is throughout this novel, cannot reasonably expect to raise the emotions of his readers to 212° Fahrenheit. The trifle is exquisite, but it is a trifle. It will not haunt the memory like some passionate vision of a Balzac. It is sweet enough—while it lasts.

Scarlet and Hyssop. By E. F. Benson. (Heinemann. 6s.)

MR. BENSON has been looking upon Society during the years that have passed since he wrote *Dodo*, and he finds it very bad. In the *Dodo* days it was little worse than frivolous. But in *Scarlet and Hyssop* we enter a circle of butterflies which show not only the irresponsibility, but the promiscuity of the insect tribe—a Society which spends its time between Park Lane, a house on the river, and Cairo, with the usual interludes of Ascot and Cowes, and so forth. Mr. Benson apparently knows his subject, and he certainly knows his literary manners, so that he would come decently out of even a bad novel. This is by no means a bad novel, though the plot is of the simplest, and there remains an unpleasant taste when it is swallowed. We have Lord Alston—on the verge of the Cabinet—who has a long-standing intrigue with Mrs. Brereton—Mildred. Of this everybody is aware and tolerant—everybody but Lady Alston—Marie—his young and beautiful wife. What will happen when Marie finds out? And will Jim, who loved her when he was poor, and made a million in South Africa in two years, introduce a complication? Here is a scrap of conversation:

"Anyone may do precisely what he pleases, so far as I am concerned," said Silly Billy, "so long as it doesn't personally annoy me. So it's true, is it?"

"Dear Marie!" observed Mildred. "You see they were engaged years and years ago. Marie told me so herself."

Silly Billy considered a moment.

"What have you quarrelled with her about?" he asked, after a short pause.

Mildred turned round.

"Now, how on earth did you guess that?" she asked.

"Pretty simple. You said, 'dear Marie'! in—well, in a tone. So the Snowflake is melting, you think?"

That is the main interest of the story—will Marie melt? And it is the general subject of talk among the Society which, if you use the word "wicked" to it, "simply stares." In the midst of the web sits Lady Ardingly, commenting as a chorus and pulling the threads, an old woman in a preposterous wig, who knows all, tolerates most things, and tries to make the best of it. "Why is it you can always keep clean in the middle of that muck-heap?" asks Lady Ardingly, when the muck-heap has been scattered by a rather melodramatic accident in the Park, and Marie emerges with scarce a stain on the hem of her garment. "I believe in God," she said. And Mr. Benson has made her quite as interesting as the rest, who believe only in money, Bridge, and the baser passions.

The Opportunist. By G. E. Mitton. (Black. 6s.)

THIS is in the main a political novel, though politicians are put men—when they are not women—and even rising young Parliamentarians, with an eye on the Treasury Bench, and vigorous young editors of morning papers have their weaker moments. So here politics are tempered by love and its counterfeits, and the four principals, two men and two women, play an interesting game, in the end a tragic game, of setting to partners. In the mere matter of writing, the story stands well above the average. The *Opportunist* was Hayne Blenheim, the man of ambition without too many scruples. And his opportunity came when he was left alone downstairs with a despatch-box

and a key while waiting to see Lord Charles Maule, Secretary of State for War. He used the key, and he used the information the key unlocked by communicating it to the *Times*, and thereupon jumping into Lord Charles's place under a Radical Premier. Of course his cousin, Edward Darnley, was at once suspected of having given the information away, as he was private Secretary to Lord Charles. So with Vera—a minx whose nerves take the place of a heart—and Heather, a good straight girl, an interesting complication is arranged, and we are carried swiftly through the makings of ministries and the breakings of hearts. The Russian conspirators who appear in the later chapters are out of the picture and altogether absurd. Russian Nihilists do not worry themselves to shoot or blow to atoms a foreign minister who resents Russian aggression in Central Asia; nor has the Czar's Government been suspected of using dynamite in diplomacy. In one instance, too, the author uses a most unfortunate analogy:

It would have been about as absurd to ask Lord Charles if he were sure of his facts as to ask St. Paul's Cathedral if it were sure of its foundations.

Dean and Chapter, with directors of tube railways, and correspondents of newspapers and leader writers have all been discussing the surety of St. Paul's foundations.

The Story of Eden. By Dolf Wyllarde. (Heinemann. 6s.)

THE English novel is changing in character. Science and agnosticism are sending poetic justice to the rightabout. But we doubt if by this change the English novel grows less poetic: the contrary is the fact, we think. For poetic justice generally translated itself into crude violences or improper exposures. It respected no secrecy and would accept no compromise. Poetic justice must needs add to the shame of disobedience the terror of "cherubims and a flaming sword which turned every way." Dolf Wyllarde wisely dispenses with the cherubims and permits us to see what havoc forbidden fruit can work of itself in the sunny mind of a girl. The Eden is in South Africa, close to a military encampment; the time is prior to the war. The sharer of the forbidden fruit is "a mighty proper man," with his scarlet and gold, his clinking spurs, his whole big form, decked as for a Lord Mayor's Show, and his quiet swagger. There was nothing aggressive about Vibart save the unavoidable self-assertion of Nature's triumph in making him. His victory over the Margery of this story is an easy one, and is followed by her marriage with another man. Poetic justice cries that she be found out; the compassionate author wills otherwise, and makes our brother Boer an instrument in freeing her present from the past. She is not happy, or she would not quote one of the late Ernest Dowson's most squalid lines with such feeling in the last chapter; but she is safe, and the weak are in love with safety.

The story is unduly long, and the figure of a gushing boy-lover in the livery of Mars might have been spared; like the traditional robin redbreast, it will not wash. Yet is the story an outstanding one. The author, whose verse we know, has put perhaps more of the stuff of poetry in this her prose. There are passages of thought and colour here which gladden, and characters which interest, as the living only do. A light wit beams through the dialogue, which still remains conversational. On the whole, bravo! Dolf Wyllarde.

Fan Fitzgerald. By H. A. Hinkson. (Chatto & Windus. 6s.)

IRELAND has had many years to wait for her Stevenson or Barrie, and even for her Ian Maclaren or Crockett; for she has been strangely neglected, even by such of her children

as Mr. Bernard Shaw and Mr. Frankfort Moore. Mr. Hinkson's *Fan Fitzgerald* is an Irish story from end to end; but it has none of the grip and force which made the *House with the Green Shutters* so horribly typical of one side of Scottish life. Such real merit as this story possesses—and it possesses some—lies outside the story, as it were. The plot is of the most conventional type, and could be jotted down on a cuff between two stations on the Tube Railway. People don't know their own minds, nor the minds of people opposed in sex but kindred of soul. So we have Dick Burke and Fan and Dr. Butler and Peggy and Macnamara and Edith dancing that figure in the Lancers in which no one gets his right partner till the band plays the final bars. That is all very well if the storyteller keeps a surprise up his sleeve. But the practised reader—and there are thousands of practised novel-readers—could issue the wedding-cards after reading the first few pages. Nevertheless, Mr. Hinkson, if weak in plot, knows his scenery and surroundings; and incidentally he has given a very amusing picture of a few square miles of Ireland—the armed friendship of Catholic, Protestant, and Methodist priests and ministers, the shiftless peasantry who resent being bothered with reforms, the love of horses and hospitality, and the pessimism tempered with humour. Many swift sketches of transient characters linger in the mind. For example, Mr. Roderick Macnamara—Ould Rody, as the country people called him:

"Your father ought to have made your head when you were a boy," the old man said, severely, as he handed the bread-and-butter to Burke. "For the last forty years I never went to bed without having drunk seventeen tumblers of punch, and, thank God! I never grew fond of it."

There you have the gool old Irish gentleman in a sentence, and Mr. Hinkson sketches many other characters no less swiftly and convincingly.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final.
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

KATE BONNET.

By FRANK STOCKTON.

There are many ways of treating the pirate in fiction, and in this, as in other literary experiments, Mr. Stockton has his own way—a way that no doubt many of his admirers will find much to their liking. This story is especially the romance of a pirate's daughter. Her name was Kate Bonnet. Her age was seventeen when the story opens, and she lived in the neighbourhood of Bridgetown, in the island of Barbadoes. The period is the early years of the eighteenth century. (Cassell. 6s.)

I CROWN THREE KING.

By MAX PEMBERTON.

A romantic historical novel passing in Sherwood Forest, and in London, with pictures. The narrative comes to us through "Merry Master Miles, good bailiff of Kirkby-in-Ashdale." Mary had been Queen three years when Miles sat down to write his book. Ray the Outlaw is one of the chief characters. They called him King in Sherwood Forest, not by "right of felony," as Mary suggested in an interview with Ray, but "by right of the love the people bear me." A spirited story. Historical accuracy does not hamper Mr. Pemberton. (Cassell. 6s.)

THE SILENT BATTLE.

By MRS. C. N. WILLIAMSON.

Mainly theatrical, by the author of *The Barn Stormers*. Sentiment and melodrama are pleasantly mixed in these easily-read pages. The heroine is Winifred, leading lady at the Duke of Clarence's Theatre. Many love her. Macaire, millionaire, was one of her suitors, and in the last chapter

we are treated to a thrilling ride he made on a fifty-horse-power Panhard. He wanted to reach Gravesend before the *Diavola* sailed. But it was not to be. A good story. (Hurst & Blackett. 6s.)

PLOTS.

By BERNARD CAPES.

This book is really a collection of short stories, some of which have appeared in magazines. On the title-page is a motto from "Henry IV., Part II.":

When we mean to build, we first survey the plot, then draw the model;
And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the erection.
An habitation giddy and unsure
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.

Mr. Capes usually has a surprise for his readers. The surprise of this book is that following the last story comes an article on Plots, containing—plots. (Methuen. 6s.)

A HEROINE FROM FINLAND.

By PAUL WAINEMAN.

A novel of Finnish life. The opening chapters are laid in Moscow during the coronation of the present Czar. The subject is fresh, and the treatment is fresh. "I have learned to love your country," said one of the characters. "If people only knew the charm of a summer in Finland, how they would flock here." To which Ebba made reply, "Our country is like a hidden jewel; it only sparkles for a few. Crowds might spoil it." (Methuen. 6s.)

THE EXPATRIATES.

By LILIAN BELL.

The Expatriates are Americans living in Paris. The story passes in the French capital, and it seems to be designed to "show up" the Frenchman. Mrs. Bell has not chosen a very pleasant set of characters, either American or French. There is a marquis who is about as unsavoury as a marquis in fiction can be. If this were really Paris we should agree with one of the Americans, who remarks at the end of the book: "Paris has been an eye opener. I want to shake the dust of this infernal town off my feet. I've got only one ambition left in life, and that is to get home." (Hutchinson. 6s.)

TALES FROM GORKY.

Gorky is being overdone in this country. Here is another collection of his tales, with another biographical notice, and another portrait of the author. In this collection, the story, "Twenty-six Men and a Girl," which we reviewed last week, reappears under the title, "Twenty-six of Us and One Other." The translation of the stories in this volume has been made by Mr. R. Nisbet Bain. (Jarrold. 6s.)

CASHIERED.

By ANDREW BALFOUR.

"Cashiered" is one of ten war tales contained in this volume. It is the story of a lieutenant, "a product of the English public school and of Sandhurst, and what happened to him in the Boer War." "A Tale of the Rails" recalls a well-known model. Locomotives tell the story. A troop-horse also speaks. "The Merry Mauser" is narrated by a rifle. "Being a magazine rifle, I am naturally inclined to be literary." (Nisbet. 6s.)

WHEN THE DREAM IS PAST.

By EVA JAMESON.

A pretty, unpretentious story of modern life. It opens in June, "with its roses and long, radiant days," and describes a party at Lady Hardcastle's house overlooking Rotten Row. Jack, Bernard, Ralph, Winifred, Mildred, Nancy, all play their parts, and the end is all right. "Only you must be very patient with me, beloved, if I disappoint you. I should die if you were to stop loving me," said Winifred. "I shall never do that," said Bernard, "not in this world or in the next." (Nisbet. 6s.)

THE ACADEMY.

Editorial and Publishing Offices, 43, Chancery-lane.

The ACADEMY will be sent post-free, if prepaid, to every Annual Subscriber in the United Kingdom.

Price for One Issue, Threepence; postage One Halfpenny. Price for 52 issues, Thirteen Shillings; postage free.

Foreign Rates, for Yearly Subscriptions, prepaid (including postage)..... 17/6
" Quarterly 5/0
" Price for one issue /5

The Nobody in History.

WE wish to draw attention, not in the way of criticism, but by rapid interpretation, to the remarkable book on Cromwell's Army which Mr. Charles Harding Firth has written and Messrs. Methuen have this week published. The book owes its inspiration to the desire to get at the common denominator of history and everyday life.

Who has not rebelled against those general terms and broad descriptions—however fine and just—under which, it is felt that, after all, the real humanities and lucidities of history are concealed? Of course the history of a great period must focus itself either on mass or on detail; it cannot do both. It may bring the charm of style and a genius for synthesis to bear on the mass, and use detail to point and illustrate the narrative. Gibbon wrote history in this manner. So, in their several ways, did Macaulay, Froude, and Green. But though detail so introduced may give life and suggestiveness to the story, it frequently brings its own puzzles. For it is there to explain something other than itself. From such banquets a man may rise with a keen and almost despairing hunger for the porridge of history. It is this hunger which, in the case of the Civil War in England, is satisfied by the book we have named.

Mr. Firth has shown us the nobodies of the Great Rebellion. Here are no wide treatment of Cromwell's policy, no weighing of opposing motives, no broad descriptions of battle and debate. These are not Mr. Firth's present business, though of these he has proved himself capable in a series of scholarly contributions to English history. But here, if you want them, are the blood and bones and grub and duds and cash and day-to-day life of the men who fought for Cromwell with pike and musket and culverin. From papers not hitherto explored and from a veritable library of known authorities Mr. Firth has "put together," as he modestly says, these actualities of the past. The result is a book to which we should pay a wretched compliment if we said that it is more interesting than the loudest-trumpeted historical novel in the market.

For sheer illumination of its kind nothing could be more effective than the forty pages which Mr. Firth devotes to Cromwell's infantry. We are there made to understand the duties of the pikemen and musketeers, who in the Civil War were in something like the proportions of one to two. Although the pike was in the minority, it was still the arm of the soldier's choice. It was the dandy arm, but a man had need to be a giant rather than a dandy to be equal to it. To "trail a pike" was the gentlemanly thing. "At push of pike" was the acme of joyous war. Mr. Firth makes effective use of Shakespeare here. "Art thou officer?" asks Pistol of the King, who is in disguise on the night before Agincourt, "or art thou base, common, and popular?" "I am a gentleman of a company," is Harry's reply. "Trailest thou the puissant pike?" asks Pistol. "Even so." The pikemen were finer and taller

men than the musketeers. Mulvaney, on enlisting, would have been made a pikeman, Ortheris would have been offered a musket. The pikeman's armour, consisting of an iron combe-cap, a corselet for back and breast, a gorget for the throat, and tassets for the thighs, was very heavy; but Cromwell's pikemen reduced these items to two, the corselet and head-piece. Even then they were not to be envied on the march, and a Tommy Atkins of the period shrewdly contrasts the two types from his own point of view. "Add to these inconveniences, that to be put upon long and Quick Marches in hot Summer weather, with Armes compleat as well as for Pike and Corselet (and Soldiers are subject, and liable to such duties), cannot but be wonderfully burthensome, and the more by reason of the excessive heat which he is forced to suffer, being (as I may so say) imprison'd in his Armes: whereas the Musqueteer marches with a great deale of liberty, and is free and open to the aire, which is no small benefit and happinesse to him upon such occasions."

For the musket the match used was a cord made of tow and soaked in vinegar or the lees of wine. The kind of cord was not important, but there must be plenty of it; hence, when Devizes was standing a siege by Waller in 1643, and it was found that the match in store was insufficient, Hopton, who commanded the garrison, ordered his officers "to search every house in the town and to take all the bedcords they could find, and to cause them to be speedily beaten and boiled."

Heavy rain was dangerous to a force of musketeers by damping the match. Fairfax was impeded in Cornwall by the foul weather, which prevented the muskets being fired; and Sir James Turner puts down the defeat of the Scots in the Preston campaign to the same cause: "That summer was so excessively rainy and wet that it was not possible for us to keep one musket of ten fixed all the time we were in a body in England." Not only did rain count; the wind was a factor too. We own that this is especially new to us. But it is at once explained when we remember that the musket was prodigal of smoke. Mr. Firth describes the operations necessitated by this and the action of the wind:

A battle was usually preceded by a movement termed getting the wind of the enemy. Before Naseby, for instance, the Parliamentarians saw plainly the Royalists advancing to attack them, "and the wind blowing somewhat westwardly, by the enemy's advance so much on their right hand it was evident he designed to get the wind of us," which was accordingly met by a counter movement. The object of this movement was to get such a position that the wind should blow the smoke of the enemy's guns and muskets back upon his own troops, under cover of which he could be attacked with less loss. At Benburb, in 1646, one of the minor causes of the defeat of the Scots was that "the sun and wind was against them, and blew the smoke in their faces, so that for a little moment the musketeers could not see." This moment the Irish pikemen utilised to make the charge which decided the fate of the battle.

Whatever the state of weather the match used for muskets was dangerous, and volley firing was rather like an orgie of chemical experiments. A spark would fire a rear-rank man's musket too soon, and a front-rank would pay the penalty. "At Edgehill," says Sir Richard Bulstrode, "a careless soldier, in fetching powder where a magazine was, clapped his hand carelessly into a barrel of powder with his match between his fingers, whereby much powder was blown up and many killed."

These are but a few points in one chapter of Mr. Firth's tessellated history. His pages overflow with interesting facts and statements culled from everywhere, and often from manuscript sources not hitherto explored. One is amazed, indeed, by the recovery of so much detail. What

he does for the Infantry Mr. Firth does with equal thoroughness for the Cavalry and Artillery. In "The Artillery" we see guns loaded from barrels of powder placed behind the gun during action. "From the barrel, by means of a large iron ladle, the gun was charged, and between each discharge it was the business of one of the gun's crew to cover the top of the powder-barrel, in order to prevent an explosion. Such accidents were not infrequent, and at the siege of Reading in 1643 a gun was disabled, four men killed, and about a dozen others badly hurt by the blowing up of one of these barrels."

Not a whit less interesting are the chapters on "The Pay of the Army," "The Commissariat," "Clothing and Equipment," "Sick and Wounded," "Discipline," "Religion in the Army," and "Politics in the Army." The inside life of Cromwell's Army, as represented by all these subjects, is shown to us in the same extraordinary wealth of homely and illuminating detail. You may pick up curious information in the mere turning of the pages. We are interested to learn that at the Record Office, our neighbour in Chancery Lane, are hundreds of credit tickets, given to householders in lieu of payment when the Army was without ready cash. We learn that at Edgehill the two sides could not have distinguished each other had they not worn different coloured scarves. Only yesterday the suggestion was made that if the Boers plead that their donning of British uniforms (forbidden by the rules of war under penalty of death) is forced upon them by their lack of other clothing, they should be compelled, under the same rules, to wear a distinguishing scarf. And here we may mention that a great deal of supervenient interest is lent to this book by its many bearings—some of them fanciful, perhaps, but others very real—on the present struggle in South Africa.

It is startling to find that on Cromwell's staff there was a Scout-Master General. The mere apparition of that title on page 66 is a lesson, and if anything will bite it in it is the irony of the statement that "This officer is peculiar to the English Army." "I have known none of them abroad," says Sir James Turner. But the military books of the time throw abundant light on the duties of this high officer. He was to send out scouts every night and morning, and to collect intelligence of all sorts. The Cromwellian and Royal armies each employed a scout-master, and it was partly owing to this officer's negligence that the King lost the battle of Naseby. Ruce, the scout-master, being sent by Prince Rupert to learn whether Fairfax was advancing, "in a short time returned with a lie in his mouth, that he had been two or three miles forward, and could neither discover nor hear of the rebels." In the Parliamentary forces the Scout-Master General was not necessarily a soldier. One Downing, an Independent Minister, was Cromwell's Scout-Master in Scotland, and in Ireland the office was filled by the "late Bishop of Clogher." The Scout-Master received good pay—£4 a day—but out of this he had to maintain two agents and a score of men. He had also to reconcile as he could the dictates of military and moral duty. His business was to get information—personally or through his men; and sometimes his conscience rebelled a little when he found that the service was dangerous to his soul as well as to his body. "I have not a few times sighed," wrote William Rowe to Cromwell, "that men set to work by me have necessarily sinned, and one or two complained thereof to me, and desired therefore the greater wages, which last never troubled me; and of late the sufferings, maims, and injuries of some I have employed, have had their impression more than perhaps needed, but I have in both these respects a melancholy soul." But, indeed, the opportunities for useful comparison or contrast between Cromwell's Army and Lord Kitchener's are too numerous for mention. Some

of the methods in vogue in the seventeenth century are of a startling modernity. For example, in 1652, the Council of State sent 220 invalid soldiers to Bath "for the recovery of their limbs and perfecting their cure."

Other methods are just as archaic: the custom, for instance, when several soldiers were condemned to be shot, to inflict the sentence on only one or two, and to allow the men to draw lots for their lives. One of the most poignant anecdotes in the book is concerned with this cruel mercy. In 1649 three officers who had gone over to the Royalists were sentenced to death, and were ordered to draw lots to determine which one of them should suffer. "By reason the prisoners were unwilling to draw their own destiny, three lots were given into the hand of a child; on two of them was written: 'Life given by God,' and the other a blank. The child gave the first to Colonel Powell, the second to Major-General Laugherne, in both which life was written, and the third (being a blank) to Colonel Poyer." Poyer was shot.

Here we end. Our purpose has been to draw attention to a most valuable evocation of the human and material units of a great war.

Things Seen.

Out.

STRANGE things they had told me of the "Bay," and here at last we were bursting through it. A sense of something fearful, something disquieting, laid hold upon my heart. After the calm and intercourse of the Channel this boisterous waste repelled. It was almost as when one jumps from a height in the dark. Only the first day out yet the decks were awash! The morrow was not to be thought of! I rose from my seat in the lee of the funnel, and staggered forward. The bow went up so that I saw the dim horizon as it were beneath our feet, then slowly it went back and the notched line lay level with the bridge. I clambered to the skeleton framework where the tarpaulin sheltered one to the breast. As far as eye could reach an endless turmoil. With lids half closed I watched, while the sudden rush and swish of water, recoiling from our side in leaps, sang in the ears. Clinging to the rail I wondered at it all. The sharp clattering of rudder chains recalled me. In a flash the daring of this battered nine-knot tramp stood revealed, and I looked down on streaming decks and admired. A luminous night overhead, with great white points of light forcing themselves upon the notice. Around the limitless sea almost insufferable in its calm. I leaned over towards it, and the world was forgotten. England a lost land, home a dream, and the present hardly a reality. Our only hope the iron shell, underfoot, beating out its path in ignorance. The silence held one spellbound. Fascination of the endless flux beneath gripped the blood. A hand on the shoulder would have startled like a ghost. I seemed to be taking in long draughts of the stars and shapeless water as I breathed. A measured clank above, a hiss of steam sounded from below. I listened while it grew, and a voice called out somewhere followed by the quick mellow tongue of the bell. Midnight so soon! The stars grew oppressive, and I turned to see a square of ruddy light spring into view. Striding towards it out of the dark I felt unaccountably happy. A cheery voice hailed me. I laughed a reply. Edgeways in door we faced each other. After a silence we passed inwards.

Toast.

THERE was the usual midday rush, and the waitresses had more than they could do to attend to the hungry and clamorous throng. The man sitting next to me ordered a

cup of coffee, a boiled egg, and hot buttered toast, and then began to read his evening paper. In about ten minutes, or so I reckoned it, the waitress brought him his cup of coffee. He thanked her politely, and reminded her about the egg and the toast. She assured him that they were coming immediately, and he went on with his paper. Another ten minutes passed, and he came to the end of his paper, put it down, and sipped his coffee, keeping his eyes fixed in the direction of the counter. Presently the waitress approached our table and gave him his buttered toast. "And the egg?" he inquired, rather anxiously. "I will bring it in a moment, sir," she said. Again he composed himself to wait, picked up his paper, fluttered the leaves to see if he had missed anything, and put it down again. Five minutes later the waitress again came towards us, empty-handed. "Where is my egg?" he demanded; "this toast is cold now." She apologised briefly and hurried off to give another man his bill. My neighbour looked scornfully at the uninviting plate before him, and as the waitress came within earshot he said: "This is uncatable now; bring me another piece with the egg." She nodded her head and vanished. After another five minutes she returned in triumph with the egg and some fresh toast. But the old piece was not to be wasted. Without a word she carried it off and set it before another man four tables away, who, not knowing its history, accepted it gratefully, and fell upon it with every sign of appetite.

The Father of "Dailies."

Two hundred years ago this week—to be precise, on March 11—was issued the first English daily paper. The *Daily Courant*, as it was called, had its office "next door to the King's Arms tavern at Fleet Bridge." Thus Fleet Street was the cradle, as it is now the "hub" of daily journalism.

The proprietor of the *Daily Courant* was one E. Mallet, and it was perhaps characteristic of the man that he did not blow his trumpet above a whisper in making his experiment of a daily issue. Anyhow, within six weeks the *Daily Courant* had passed into the hands of another and stronger publisher. This was Mr. Samuel Buckley, whose business was at the sign of the Dolphin in Little Britain. Buckley was at once an arrived and a coming man. He was owner of *The Monthly Register*, and he was to be the publisher of Steele and Addison's *Spectator*.

Where, precisely, did the King's Arms tavern stand? Mallet's imprint says "at Fleet Bridge." Fleet Bridge connected Fleet Street with Ludgate Hill in the many centuries during which, in varying states of purity, the Fleet ran sluggishly down to the Thames from Holborn. "You have no river in London to compare with ours," said a Parisian to Lord Petersham, waving his hand over the Seine. "Oh yes, we have," was the reply, "and we call it Fleet Ditch." It is an unfortunate circumstance that neither in Strype's edition of Stow's *Surrey* (1720) nor in Hutton's *New View of London* (1708) is the existence of a King's Arms tavern at this spot discoverable. It is possible that the King's Arms was in 1702 on the point of disappearing. In the absence of exact information each corner of Ludgate Circus may put in its claim to have been the birth-place of daily journalism.

Mallet seems to have had good ideas. His design was to publish every day the news arriving from foreign parts without the padding indulged in by so many of the *Gazettes*, *Posts*, *Intelligencers*, and *News Letters* of the day. In a word, the proprietor of the first English daily paper was the first foe of prolixity in journalism, and the first friend of the busy man who wishes to gather the most important news of the day with the minimum of effort.

Mallet's advertisement ran:

This *Courant* (as the title shows) will be published daily: being designed to give all the material news as soon as every Post arrives: and is confin'd to half the Compass: to save the Publick at least half the impertinences of ordinary News-Papers.

And assuredly the readers of the *Daily Courant* got brevity if they did not get wit. The paper consisted of a single sheet of the size of a half-sheet of foolscap, or deed paper, with print on one side only. But accuracy was also promised, and accuracy was a novelty in an age when news travelled no faster than a sailing-ship, and was seldom purer than the smoke-laden air of the City coffee-houses. Even between the time of the arrival of news in the Thames and its dissemination in a trustworthy form, there would elapse days during which the needy news writer pieced out his hearsays and inventions unchecked. Defoe's bogus yet minutely circumstantial account in *Mist's Journal* of July 15, 1718, of the blowing up and total disappearance of the island of St. Vincent was but a masterly specimen of the methods of the day. These were cleverly touched off by Addison, in the *Tatler*. After professing the honour conferred on him by his connection with the "news-writers of Great Britain, whether Postmen or Postboys," he goes on to compare the achievements of these gentlemen with the soldiery. "They have taken more towns and fought more battles. They have been upon parties and skirmishes where our armies have lain still, and given the general assault to many a place when the besiegers were quiet in their trenches. They have made us masters of several strong towns many weeks before our generals could do it, and completed victories when our greatest captains have been content to come off with a drawn battle."

Against journalism of this heroic order Mallet set his face; but the conditions under which he proposed to supply London with trustworthy foreign news would be laughed at to-day. His method was simply to translate the Continental newspapers. And "for an assurance that he will not, under pretence of having private intelligence, impose any addition of feigned circumstances to an action, but give his extracts fairly and impartially, at the beginning of each article he will quote the foreign paper from whence 'tis taken." This was the best that a London editor could do for his readers two hundred years ago this week: the idea of obtaining genuine foreign intelligence of his own does not seem to have occurred to Mallet, whose modesty also led him to announce that he should give no comment in his paper, but only matter of fact, being convinced, as he said, that "other people have sense enough to make reflections for themselves." That, indeed, is true; but the history of daily journalism has shown that people like their newspaper to start the argument.

The first of daily papers appeared while shadows lay deep on England. Only three days before, King William III. had died after a fall from his horse, and the war in Flanders was demanding the closest attention of the Government. So that in its second number (March 12) the *Daily Courant* had two brief dramatic announcements. The first was this:

When the King's body was laid out, there was a bracelet about his right arm, with his Queen's wedding-ring on it. He was open'd on Tuesday morning, his brain was in very good order, but there was hardly any blood left in the body, and his lungs were very bad.

The second ran:

The Right Honourable the Earl of Marlborough is declared Captain-General of the Forces in England and Holland.

On March 20 the *Courant* informed its readers that at a Privy Council held at the Cockpit, Whitehall, arrangements

had been made that "his late Majesty's Corps should be privately Interred, that a statue on horseback should be set up to his memory, and a monument erected for Him and the late Queen." Meanwhile, Marlborough had sailed to the wars.

Two hundred years ago this week London's only daily paper contained no advertisements. These, however, were added by the new proprietor, Samuel Buckley, on April 22. They consisted almost entirely of advertisements of new books, such as *A Modest Inquiry Concerning the Opinion of Guardian Angels*. Buckley was a man of vigour and substance. John Dunton, the loquacious, describes him as "an excellent linguist; understands the Latin, French, Dutch, and Italian tongues, and is master of a great deal of wit. I hear he translates out of the foreign papers himself."

The *Daily Courant* cost a penny, but later Buckley arranged that early news could be obtained for twopence. In the issue of September 21, 1705, it is announced that "the news of every post-day's Courant is constantly printed with the news of the day before on a sheet of writing paper, a blank being left for the convenience of sending it by the post, and may be had for 2d."

Some arts, like that of printing, seem to have been born full-grown; others have early attained their proudest development; but it is the natural destiny of journalism to progress with the Progress of which it is the chronicle. Hence two hundred years separate the hired fishing smack, which in 1702 would put out from Harwich to take and bring back news, from the cable messages which in 1902 are poured upon an editor's desk faster than he can read them by the electric light. Yet daily journalism still puts forth its strength most visibly and impressively near the spot where it was born. On the same ground stands the obelisk to that champion of a free Press, John Wilkes, and below it—symbol of the old putrid tide of corrupted news and subsidised comment—the Fleet river runs coldly and darkly to the Thames.

Concerning Favourites.

EVERYONE KNOWS the Lubbock library of the "Hundred Best Books." Lord Avebury, in an improving mood, sat down to draw up a list of the aristocrats of literature. Not otherwise, one is fain to believe, does the proper functionary of State compose his list of guests to be invited to a Court concert or ball. Certain books, like certain people, are *hoffähig*, as the Germans say—they have the *entrée* conferred by privilege of birth or wealth. But as well might the lover of human kind select his friends by their precedence in Burke as the lover of books fill his shelves with Lord Avebury's elect. A Lubbock library composed of Lord Avebury's real favourites in literature would be a house-party worth entertainment. The banker who invented bank holidays, the entomologist who studies "the pleasures of life," is a man whose taste in reading might extend the limited horizon of the majority of his fellows. But I suspect that not many of the "hundred best books" are invited to a seat by his hearth.

Most of us conceal our favourites, sometimes to deceive ourselves, more often in order to delude others. This habit, whether wilful or self-conscious, accounts for the otherwise notable fact that there is only one anthology of lyric verse which is satisfactory to most readers. The difficulty is that, except with a few giants of intellect, the greatest authors are seldom the favourite authors. The reader who should claim the Lubbock library as his pet collection of tame books would be a hundred times a giant. Mr. Gladstone made a pet of Homer (a German scholar once assured me that "his Homerising was as weak as his Home Rule"), but even Mr. Gladstone's powers would

have shrunk from adding the rest of the ninety-nine to his nursery of foster-children. "Who drives fat oxen must himself be fat" is true of all kinds of culture.

Our real favourites in literature are the writers who come nearest to expressing our most private hopes, joys, and fears. There is a passage in Mr. Anstey's *Giant's Robe* (a favourite of my own, by the way) in which Mark Ashburn, when his friend is reported dead, "began to read 'In Memoriam' again, with the idea of making that the key-note for his emotions, but the passionate yearning of that lament was pitched too high for him, and he never finished it." There we have the truth of the matter. Our favourites in literature are the writers who strike the key-note of our own emotions, and most of us, if cross-examined on oath, would agree with a candid lady of my acquaintance that Shakespeare and Milton and the rest of the "best books" are pitched too high for common needs. It was in an omnibus the other day that I heard a superior shop-assistant assure the pretty girl in his company that Goethe was his favourite author. The girl valiantly struggled to rise to the height of that confession: "Yes, he reminds me of Hall Caine," was her timid reply, and criticism paused agape. The conversation was continued on stilts, and tags of University Extensionism were scattered on the floor of the omnibus. It may or may not be a good thing to encourage this novel kind of love-making by itinerant lecturers on the humanities, but my shop-assistant was plainly the victim of his own vanity in claiming Goethe as his pet. He could repeat *why* Goethe was great, he had never *felt* the poet's greatness; in his business of selling yards of tape he had never had the Devil for a customer.

Meanwhile, we are generally content to judge by the shop-assistant's standard. Shakespeare is the greatest writer, therefore Shakespeare is our favourite; Ibsen is greater than Shakespeare, therefore let Ibsen reign instead. But an investigation honestly conducted to a perfectly truthful end would reveal very different results. Only one who did not care at all would have the courage to tell the truth. For the inquisition of the income-tax collector is a mild domiciliary visit compared with the effort of candour required to satisfy the seeker for the favourites of literature. The bookshelves of our dearest friends, honourable men *ex hypothesi*, are corrupt and venal at this point. I know a man whose taste in letters is above reproach, and whose library displays the standard authors, for use rather than for show, reinforced by a choice collection from the byways of bookland, both ancient and modern. But he knows, and I know, and he knows that I know, that his favourite reading in poetry is the work of a comparatively unknown writer, whose slim volume he hides in a dark corner of his bookshelves, opening it seldom because he has the contents by heart, and whose name, if it occurs in conversation, he conscientiously runs down. He knows, and I know, and he knows that I know, that the verses in question are too intimate and near to him, too literal a transcript of feelings that are not public property. To confess their appeal to him would be to invite the daws. His critical faculty is awake to their imperfection as great poetry; his preference for them is independent of his trained appreciation of true distinction in literature. They belong to the individual which perishes, and not to the universal which survives.

Happy they whose taste and experience are conjugated in the categorical imperative, who can truthfully assert that in the works of the greatest writers they strike the key of their own emotions. The man does not live who can claim the "hundred best books" as his favourites, but even on lower planes of feeling there are moods that thrill at the right moments—moods of moral elevation, which respond to Bacon in the *Essays*, moods of austerity dissolved in joy to which we can rise with Wordsworth, spacious moods for the seventeenth century, modish moods

for the eighteenth, Attic moods, and Augustan. But each of us, we may surmise, has his secret book in its hiding place, in which his personal experience finds express consolation in language that his own lips could not mould, and hence we adopt my shop-assistant's schedule, and return a conventional favourite when the interrogation becomes too inquisitive.

And this leads to two conclusions; or, rather, to one conclusion with two faces. There is no more illusory adage in all the contradictory resources of proverbial philosophy than the prohibition to quarrel about tastes. Justice, not taste, is wanted in dealing with literary excellence. When the two coincide we shall get the Aristides of letters, and can shut him up with the "hundred best books." Meantime, let us go on quarrelling about tastes, as men have quarrelled since speech began, for no better guide has been invented to the mutual understanding of character. But through our quarrel let us remember that taste and judgment are two things, of which the first is a question of instinct and the second of training. So that—to conclude the conclusion—the superior people who declare that English literature should not be taught because it spoils the taste for reading English, or that the best books should win their own way to the affection of commonplace readers, are preaching foolishness and blindness. It is with books, as with men: we make friends by sympathy, not by judgment. Most of us cannot "live up to" the few great men or women of our acquaintance. We admire or revere them from afar, but we put off the burden of their liking because of the demands that it would make on us. We call them easily "remote," or "lacking humanity," or "unnatural," because the air of their table-lands of prospect strikes cold on our own dinner-table lands. Yet if we are not wholly material, if our judgment is trained to appreciate them, we watch their passage with a sigh. We, too, like the child in Mrs. Meynell's verses, have stood at the parting of the ways, but most of us, unlike him, have chosen the "river'd meadow-land":

To the mountain leads my way. If the plains are green
to-day,
These my barren hills are flushing faintly, strangely,
in the May,
With the presence of the Spring among the smallest
flowers that grow.

But the summer in the snow?

And to the majority that question decides the issue. We shirk the summer in the snow, and when they who tread the heights come down to our own snug valley the doom of the child overtakes them:

And if e'er you should come down to the village or the
town,
With the cold rain for your garland, and the wind for
your renown,
You will stand upon the thresholds with a face of dumb
desire,

Nor be known by any fire.

So it is with the excellent books. Unless we consciously choose to spend our summer in the snow, we shall never appreciate them at their right worth. It is we, not they, who are "unnatural" and "remote"—we with our broken sentences and our half-formed ideas, we who are content to know only the surface of things, who speak and act without once realising the truth that, behind our daily occupation, beyond the business of the market and the pleasure of the circus, there lies an unexplored world of beauty and truth, a world of complete satisfaction for the highest human capacity, a world from which to derive courage and hope and faith to help us in this world we live in. To leave the choice of good books to the untrained instinct of the child, to deny that literature is teachable, is to set a cockney on the Alps without a guide.

LAURIE MAGNUS.

An Examination and a Plea.

Is it possible nowadays to approach a question that may very easily stir the passions of men, more or less careless about matters of literary beauty, but somewhat conservative, somewhat bigoted perhaps as to what appears to have received the sanction of religious usage—is it possible to approach a question such as this from a purely literary point of view, to ignore steadfastly all aspects of it other than that of the mere perfection of words—the expressions, apart from the thought. It ought to be. And in a paper such as the ACADEMY I think it is. At least the attempt is worth making.

It is then entirely from the point of view of letters—of style if you will—that I propose to examine the English of the Catholic Prayer-books. It is a matter of more importance than may appear at first looking into it. Allowing from the very beginning the perfection and beauty of the Latin, almost the sufficiency of that, it is a pity that the rendering of the Prayers and Canticles of the Offices and Hours, and in a lesser degree of the Liturgy also, falls so far short of that perfection, becomes indeed, in comparison with those sonorous antique sentences, something common and unworthy, and from the very first under sentence of death.

To illustrate what I mean, I will begin with the Pater-noster: That it can be rendered in English with at least an equal beauty and perfection to the Latin is, it seems to me, beyond doubt. For English is particularly adapted to express religious emotion and deep feeling of any sort, perhaps because of a certain seriousness, a sombreness not to be found in any southern tongue, save only perhaps in Attic Greek. It was with a full realisation of this that the Pater-noster was rendered in English so long ago with a perfection that it is impossible to make more perfect, with a sense of English that it is perhaps impossible to feel nowadays. It is therefore with surprise, and certainly not without regret, that one finds to-day a less perfect version of it in the Catholic Prayer-books:

OLD VERSION.	CATHOLIC PRAYER-BOOK VERSION.
Our Father which art in Heaven.	Our Father who art in Heaven.

Again, I repeat, this is a question simply of letters. In the mind of the scholar and student of English there can be no doubt for a moment which is the more perfect version. But if this were all, the change of a relative, one would scarcely desire to draw attention to it; but it is not all, there is worse behind. If the Canticles are examined even worse faults will be found. Faults that are the more inexcusable in that the changes are simply wanton, and do not affect the meaning in the smallest degree; and because it is short I will take for an example the "Benedictus," one of the most lovely of all those hymns that the Church uses in her Offices; and I think it will be allowed by all men of letters at least that every change from the old English rendering is a change for the worse:

OLD VERSION.	CATHOLIC PRAYER-BOOK VERSION.
Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, for He hath visited and redeemed His people.	Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, for He hath visited and wrought redemption for His people.

And hath raised up a mighty
salvation for us: in the house
of His servant David.

As He spake by the mouth
of His Holy Prophets, which
have been since the world
began.

That we should be saved
from our enemies and from
the hands of all that hate us.

And hath raised up a Horn
of Salvation for us in the
house of His servant David.

As he spake by the mouth
of His Holy Prophets, who
have been from the begin-
ning.

That He would save us from
our enemies, and from the
hand of all that hate us.

To perform the mercy promised to our forefathers, and to remember His Holy Covenant.

To perform the oath which He sware to our forefather Abraham, that he would give us.

That we, being delivered out of the hands of our enemies, might serve Him without fear.

In holiness and righteousness before Him, all the days of our life.

And Thou, Child, shalt be called the Prophet of the Highest, for Thou shalt go before the face of the Lord to prepare His ways.

To give knowledge of salvation unto His people for the remission of their sins.

Through the tender mercy of our God whereby the day-spring from on high hath visited us.

To give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death: and to guide our feet into the way of peace.

To perform mercy to our forefathers and to remember His Holy Covenant.

The oath which He sware to Abraham our father, that He would grant to us.

That being delivered out of the hands of our enemies we might serve Him without fear.

In holiness and justice before Him all the days of our life.

Ditto.

Ditto.

Through the tender mercy of our God, in which the Day-spring from on High hath visited us.

To enlighten them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death: to direct our feet into the way of peace.

That "direct our feet" is but a more flagrant example than usual perhaps, of the carelessness of the Church for just English. Already to her hand there lay in all its perfection the sixteenth century version. But because may be that version was in use in the Established Church and among the Protestants, she gave up her right, which was at least as good as that of anyone else, and contrived another translation, which has naturally fallen far short of the perfection of the first natural attempt.

And these are but examples of what has happened all through the Psalms, the Offices, the Hours, and, to some extent, in the Liturgy itself. Compare, for instance, the old rendering of "Te Deum Laudamus" with that in the present day Catholic Prayer-books, and it is necessary to admit that the older version is incomparably finer. Compare the old versions of the Nicene Creed or the old "Venite," "De Profundis," the Collects and the "Magnificat" with new—everywhere the modern English is less beautiful than the old, everywhere the new version repels one, and without in the smallest degree rendering the sense of the Latin more clearly.

Is it not time to reconsider the position? Shall there be a grand new Cathedral in Westminster, and the people who shall go there be encouraged to pray in bad English, encouraged therefore to love bad English passionately in the end, as the words and sentences come back to them as those whereby they have most nearly approached to God?

I have heard it said by those who having been born in the Established Church have nevertheless, it may be late in life, submitted themselves to her who has perhaps been "long sought after and tardily found"—that one of the things they miss most profoundly is that language, that speech of the sixteenth century. I do not wonder at it when I remember those splendid and virile phrases, "The glory of Thy Name," "He hath raised up a mighty salvation for us," and the rest. But she who for more than a thousand years has not altered a single word of the Canon, who has so cherished her own language, which none speak save in her presence, whose sons have so magnificently composed for her the "Salve Regina" with its wonderful exclamatory titles, and the incomparable Litany of Loretto, has had so little care for the beauty of our vernacular as really to be almost contemptuous of it. There can be no reason for this carelessness. Will not

some firm of publishers issue a Catholic Prayer-book with the older version of the Psalms and Canticles at least? I feel sure Cardinal Vaughan could not but give it his imprimatur. It would be well done. A real gain in its way to the race, at least to that portion of it which in Australia, Canada, New Zealand and the lesser Britains beyond the seas is in real danger of losing all sense of the finest flavour of their mother-tongue under the enormous pressure of America, who it would seem will really one day rob us of our birthright.

EDWARD HUTTON.

A Judge on Trial.

"LAWYERS," once said Disraeli, "always tell you the things you don't want to know." But for once it seemed the tradition was to be broken, and a lawyer's collection of the *obiter dicta* of the late Lord Watson promised amusement and instruction. *Gleanings from the Wisdom of Lord Watson* was the title of the collection, and R. M. Williamson, M.A., LL.B., Advocate, Aberdeen, the style and title of the collector. Vague and pleasant memories of other such gleanings occurred—a volume entitled *Wit and Wisdom of Sydney Smith*, which excited thoughtful laughter in our youth; the *Table Talk* of Coleridge, which contains so much plain sense and so much magnificent absurdity. The list is a long one if fully set forth, for surely no man of distinction in law, literature, or the pulpit could spend a long life without giving the observant note-taker something to remember, something to jot down, which should turn a flash-light upon some corner of life. Lord Watson was distinguished enough. No Scottish judge within the last quarter of a century has held a higher place in the estimation of his fellows: he was a Lord Justice of Appeal, and as an acute diviner of men and interpreter of law he had few, if any, superiors. Therefore we picked up this volume of gleanings in the sure hope of finding some of those trenchant asides which have immortalised Lord Justice Bowen outside the Law Courts, or at least some of those remarks with which Mr. Justice Darling relieves the tedium of even-handed justice and punctuates business with "laughter." But alas for the vanity of human wishes and the deceitfulness of titles! We open the book, lean back for enjoyment, and read at random:

An easement is a mere burden upon the proprietary right of the owner in fee. It may consist either in restraining, for the benefit of the dominant tenement, certain uses which the owner might otherwise make of the servient land.

Is this a joke? We turn back to the title-page, and Mr. Williamson, advocate, Aberdeen, glowers at the question. We refer to the Introductory Note, and read: "I can scarcely imagine a more profitable task for a lawyer to set himself than to read through, in his spare moments, the opinions delivered by some judge of eminence." Mr. Williamson is not joking. He has lured us into an arm-chair with the promise of fun. We expected to see a judge at play, giving judgments with his tongue in his cheek, and measuring the universe against the Court of Session and the House of Lords. But Mr. Williamson, advocate, Aberdeen, disappoints us, and tells us the things about Lord Watson that we "don't want to know." We know the ponderous platitudes of the Bench, and as we have listened we have longed to give burlesque a chance in real life, and to put a capable middle-aged married woman into the judge's wig—the precise shade and pattern would, of course, be at the discretion of the wearer—and ask her to settle the matter out of hand and with such native wit as God has given her. But perhaps the bitterness of disappointment induces unfairness, for it is, of course,

unfair to complain that Mr. Williamson has done what he intended to do instead of what we, in our blindness, thought he was doing. We may hold that, from the point of view of the student of human nature, the eminent man, having done his appointed task and gone home with his wages, is especially interesting when he forgets his eminence and speaks at large on men and things. We would like to know what Lord Watson in his slippers thought of the bookmaker in all his significations, what was his opinion of golf, and whether he thought Barry Sullivan or Henry Irving the greater actor. The answers to those three questions would set us at ease with Lord Watson, and there is no doubt that somewhere and to someone he said what he thought about these things, for Lord Watson was never afraid of the consequences of his opinions. Similarly, when Lord Salisbury's wisdom at some distant date is collected into a volume, the editor, if he be wise, will not worry about the conduct of the Berlin Congress, or any of the towering solemnities in which Lord Salisbury has been engaged. He will fasten upon such *obiter dicta* as the argument to prove that the multiplication of public-houses does not lead to increased drinking. For though he has forty bedrooms at his disposal, argued Lord Salisbury by a dazzling analogy, he does not feel tempted to sleep any longer than the man who has one. That is one of the casual remarks that turn the flashlight both ways on the subject and on the speaker. But Mr. Williamson, advocate, Aberdeen, does not look to such remarks for wisdom:

In my opinion the intention of the Legislature must be inferred from the language which it has used.

This is printed solemnly as a pearl of wisdom, but the meanest swine before whom it is cast will suspect that every hair on Lord Watson's wig was quivering with irony when he said that in answer to a confused barrister, who suggested that the intention of the Legislature might be inferred from the colour of the paper on which the bill was printed. Again, a bewildered finger turns the pages—there are less than eighty of them—and meets this:

Every party to a trial by jury has a legal and constitutional right to have the case he has made, either in pursuit or in defence, fairly submitted to the consideration of that tribunal.

This remark, made *in re* Bray v. Ford, 1896, strikes Mr. Williamson as a revelation. The suburban trains every morning for the last fifty years have rung with its import. Mr. Williamson has the lawyer's defect badly, and tells us precisely the things about Lord Watson that we don't want to know. For the man is always more amusing, more informing, and more human than the official.

Drama.

Thursday at the Theatre.

In the afternoon I went to the Coronet Theatre to hear M. Gustave Larroumet lecture on the modern French drama. M. Larroumet is that curious type, unknown over here, the professor as dramatic critic. He lectures at the Sorbonne, he is a member of the Institut, he is Perpetual Secretary of the Académie des Beaux-Arts, and he is also the dramatic critic of *Le Temps*, where he has taken the place left vacant by the death of Francisque Sarcey. He has written a book on Racine, and another book on Molière; he has published volumes of literary and dramatic criticism, and criticism of painting and sculpture. He knows the literatures of many countries; he has travelled, observed, and, as we have seen, lectured. And he has

opinions. He believes, for instance, that there are certain wicked abstractions, Wagnerism, Tolstoyism, Ibsenism, which must be vigorously opposed, as well as certain artists, Wagner, Tolstoy, Ibsen, who have, at all events, some technical merits as well as serious errors of substance. He believes that Nordau has explained, on his theory of degeneration, "the vogue of M. Verlaine," and why "M. Maeterlinck was famous among us for several months." He believes that Richpin and Rostand have revived French poetry; he believes that Tennyson was a symbolist; he believes many other things. In his lecture he chose discreetly from among his beliefs, and in many parts of it was admirably sane and sober, and discriminated carefully between the qualities of Scribe, Augier, and Dumas fils, and between the qualities of M. Brieux and M. Hervieu. He began by dismissing Romanticism as an accident, a deviation, a mere French Revolution. Hugo and the others were condemned by their poetic vision to see life unsteadily, and to see it in parts. However, "M. Scribe," as, with some excess of politeness, they were accustomed to call him, set all that to rights by inventing *l'intrigue*. Scribe, "*un homme de génie, incontestablement*," began the modern drama; Augier, Dumas fils, and Sardou added realism of detail to his method of bewildering theatrical dexterity, and all went well until the arrival of another "accident," the accident of 1870-71. A new direction began to be seen; in the novel the school of Naturalists had invented a new form of art, but Flaubert, Zola, and Daudet (whom M. Larroumet prefers for his "charm"), failed in their attempt to transport the Naturalistic novel, just as it was, to the stage. It was Henri Becque who, almost accidentally, invented the new form for Naturalism at the theatre. "*Les Corbeaux*" and "*La Parisienne*" were taken straight out of his own life, his own experience; he painted life grey because he saw it grey; he was pitiless towards humanity because he had found no pity in men and women; he subordinated plot to the exact rendering of fact because he had not come out of any theatrical training-school. Just then Antoine founded the Théâtre-Libre, the young men of the cabarets of Montmartre added a little bitter gaiety to this sad and sordid realism, and the new formula was at work. First came Jules Lemaître, with "*Revolte*"; then Georges de Porto-Riche, with "*Amoureuse*"; then Henri Lavedan, with his dialogues in "*La Vie Parisienne*," and his brilliant theatrical success; then Brieux, with "*Blanchette*" (which was to be followed by "*La Robe Rouge*"); then Hervieu, with "*Les Paroles Restent*," "*Les Tenaillies*," "*La Course du Flambeau*" (which seems to M. Larroumet "one of the finest things in all dramatic literature"), and "*L'Enigme*," which we were seeing the other week; finally, Capus, the one optimist, with "*La Veine*" and "*Les Deux Ecoles*." At the end M. Larroumet talked a little about "*Cyrano de Bergerac*," which his audience seemed to recognise with a start of delight, and "*L'oiseau bleu*" and "*l'idéal*" were mentioned. Then, with a hope for the return of more cheerfulness and more plot, the lecture came to an end. It had been interesting; it gave one some solid information, and suggested the limitations of the professor as dramatic critic. The afternoon had been profitably spent.

In the evening, after the briefest interval, I found myself at the St. James's Theatre, where Mr. Stephen Phillips' first play, "*Paolo and Francesca*," was at last, after its long delay, to be given. Let me say at once that it was given admirably, that it was given as a poetic play should be given. Mr. Alexander has perhaps never attempted a more ambitious piece of acting; I cannot think of any significant moment in which he did not seem to me to be doing exactly as the author meant him to do. If his part was rather a series of detached moods than the realisation of a single character, that was Mr. Phillips' fault, not Mr. Alex-

ander's. And Miss Robins as Lucrezia acted with no less care and intelligence; she did all she could to transform a melodramatic part into a tragic part. Miss Evelyn Millard as Francesca looked and moved and spoke beautifully: she made pictures whenever she crossed the stage. Mr. Ainley as Paolo had the necessary good looks, and, though a little stiff and a little sulky at times, embodied the character as we find it in the book not altogether inadequately. He was rhetorical, but so is the part; he fell into attitudes, but so does the part; he spoke to the audience rather than to Francesca, but so the part insists on his speaking. For, there is no doubt, in all this beautiful talking and moving, in these picturesque scenes which look so well on the stage, there is no real life, no real dramatic life, but always, in the fatal sense, "literature." The fundamental human probabilities are not observed; the whole structure, with its elegance and charm, is built on an unsound basis. I very rarely happen to see a newspaper, but I did happen to see the "Morning Post" on the day after this performance, and I was struck by the sagacity of the long notice which I found there. It was an analysis of the human probabilities of the piece, and it showed clearly and without prejudice, allowing for merit wherever merit was to be found, that the piece was constructed entirely with a view to effectiveness, superficial effectiveness, on the stage, and not according to the variable but quite capturable logic of human nature. I found myself in agreement with almost every word of the notice, and I thought how wise it was to take the play just on those grounds, to examine it where its real strength or weakness was bound to reveal itself. Take any separate scene, and you will find that it has merits; no, not quite any scene, but many of the scenes. Then examine that scene as a natural or probable occurrence, as a scene made by the characters who appear in it, and not made to show them off on a certain chosen side. Take, for instance, the scene in the drug-seller's shop. That was very picturesque and effective, and it did the stage business which needed to be done. But, taken as human truth and not as stage mechanism, every word was a betrayal rather than a revelation of character, every action was the exact contrary of the action natural under the circumstances.

It would be interesting to compare in detail Mr. Phillips' "Paolo and Francesca" and d'Annunzio's "Francesca da Rimini," but I will only take one scene, which is typical of each writer: the scene of the reading, the scene which Dante has made difficult and inevitable for every dramatist who deals with the subject. In "Paolo and Francesca" it takes place in a garden; the book is held on the lovers' knees; it is passed to and fro without the slightest reason except the author's wish to give some lines to each; the lines they read are modern and sentimental; the book has to be laid down awkwardly in order that the kiss may be elegant; and Francesca, as she "droops towards" Paolo, cries, as he kisses her: "Ah! Lancelot!" Now, in d'Annunzio, the scene takes place in a room; there is a reading-desk beside a window-seat; the alternation of the readers is arranged with a probability which makes its own effectiveness; the lines they read are taken word for word from the original French prose romance of "Lancelot du Lac"; and when Paolo kisses Francesca her cry is not, like the English Francesca's, a literary reminiscence, but the cry which would instinctively and inevitably come to every woman's lips at such a moment: "No, Paolo!" The reason is that d'Annunzio, whose play has many faults, but this conspicuous merit, has conceived his play as a thing that once really happened, and that must happen over again on the stage with the same energy of life; while Mr. Phillips has conceived his play, gracious, decorative, full of poetical feeling though it is, as a literary thing, and as a thing to be acted; not as life, not as drama.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

Art.

The Men of 1830.

JUDGES in the Royal Palace of Justice sometimes frown and purse the lips. Such signs of inward irritation are not necessarily provoked by the contumacy of counsel. Even the mind of a judge may wander, and it is possible that when the puckers of annoyance deepened on Sir John Day's face it was because he suddenly remembered how wretchedly representative are the pictures of the French school in the National Gallery. It is lucky that in Sir John Day's time no Junior was called Poussin.

I did not always think thus. The idea struck me on stepping from Bond Street into Messrs. Obach's galleries, where, in two austere, sad-coloured rooms, Sir John Day's French pictures hang. They are spared for awhile from his walls. For a few weeks the public are offered the pleasure of looking at them, and of learning how a man of sure taste and strong will makes a collection. No jumping from school to school, no wild grabbing after the popularity of the moment here. Something of the deep, brooding purpose that characterised these men of 1830, and enabled them to disregard unessentials, to flout self-constituted authority, to see with their own eyes into the heart of things, and to be themselves, has animated the man who made this collection. It is good to think that through the years when, except by a few clear-sighted connoisseurs, these Frenchmen were disregarded or neglected, Sir John Day was quietly gathering, not the greatest examples of their work—that was not possible—but the best that came his way. Of course, now they have all come into their own. They are arrived, are Michel, Rousseau, Daubigny, Corot, Jacque, Troyon, Millet, Dupré, and Diaz. They fetch big prices; they also walk immortal in the single street of Barbison and the glades of Fontainebleau. The forest holds them still, an ancient nurse who has outlived her children. Great events—that is, what we call great events—happened in the world while these men were painting. But how transitory the events of the period seem before their work. They were concerned with the permanent. Fashions may change, parties may split, dynasties may fall, but the work of the strong soul face to face with Nature remains. These men of 1830 looked at Nature long and humbly. They found her alight, alive and glowing, sombre and mysterious, but never black. How little they cared about what is known as human interest. Look at the small picture by Dupré of a peasant woman walking over a field path. What did he call it? Just "Route et Femme." He did not paint that on the first day, or the second day, or the fiftieth day. He did not hire the model and pay her so much an hour to pose. No, that humble scene sank into his nature, became part of him. One day he painted it, and the woman occurred, as the trees grew—"Route et Femme."

The Men of 1830 as a phrase may pass. It has a fine, full sound, and memorable associations. Big men with large souls, living simple lives and painting great things, rise up at the mention of the phrase. They stand out solemn and great from the classicalism that came before and the fever of competitive experiment that followed. Moreover, the phrase touches sentiment; it reminds us of the cosmopolitanism of art, and flatters our insular pride. Nine years before, in 1821, Constable's "Haywain" was hung at the Salon, and won the gold medal. Slowly but surely the Englishman influenced French landscape art. It came as a revelation, the example of this man who refused to take truth at second hand, and consequently reached the age of forty before he sold a single landscape beyond the circle of his relatives and acquaintances. Some of the Men of 1830 were friends; others, for all I know, never met. Many years

covered the difference between their ages. In 1830 Daubigny was thirteen, Millet fifteen, Jacque seventeen, Rousseau eighteen, Dupré nineteen, Troyon twenty, Diaz twenty-two, Corot thirty-four, and Michel sixty-seven. Some came to honour in the end, but their lives were for the most part uneventful, as their beginnings were obscure. The father of one was a draper, another a tailor, a third a peasant, a fourth a market-porter, and so on. What strikes one in looking at these forty-five pictures is their modesty, unobtrusiveness, and sincerity. Those who produced them worked in quiet colours, in the large, simple manner of Nature. Painting for its own sake, and not for exhibition, they never screwed up the colour scheme of a picture so that it might outvie a neighbour. Their pictures give the idea of standing by themselves *hors concours*, deriving nothing, giving everything—towers of personality. Michel's "Old Mill," for example, looming dark and impressive against a luminous sky. How strong, how full of reserved strength is this simple landscape, and how enduring! They were reticent even in painting spring. Corot's "Printemps" is indeed a green thought in a green shade. Its tender lighting, the soft tones of the awakening leaves that feel their way through the depth of the glade, have all the quiet persuasiveness of very spring. And we know how garish and insistent a Royal Academy picture of spring can be. Indeed, brooding with eyes half-closed over these landscapes, from which the busy world is shut out, a land of solitary beauty, where the roads are grass-grown, and life is represented by herons and kine and sheep, one resents anything that is not in keeping with its simplicity. I had become sensitive to the feeling that marks Corot's white, commonplace houses in "Ville D'Avray," when my eye caught Ziem's "Le Port de Marseilles," "glowing with Southern heat." It was like the blaze of a bonfire on a quiet night. In another mood I might have been glad of the incandescent Ziem; but he was not "on" in that scene. The flying red flag on the mast of one of the vessels shouts, "I am here! I am here!" and Ziem set it on the mast skilfully enough; but did you see it there, Ziem, with the inward eye, in the way that Michel saw his mill upon the hill, and Corot his spring ichoring through the glade? Even Daubigny, impressive and majestic as he is, did not quite consort with my mood. The trail of effort, the primrose-way method of choosing a stupendous subject in the hope that the result may be stupendous, runs over his "Sunset at Sea." It reminded me of Mr. — introducing Shakespeare into one of his novels.

But Diaz, the impulsive French-born Spaniard, dying at Mentone at the age of seventy, working with all "the fervour and freshness of a student," brought back the mood that Ziem had cut into. When I saw his "Cattle Drinking: Evening," I realised that the "colour is the melody, the values are the orchestration of the melody; and as the orchestration serves to enrich the melody, so do the values enrich the colour." It may not be given to us all to see such a glowing picture in Nature; but Diaz saw it, and what he saw remains. Close by is another Diaz, "The Lowing Herd"—gold-brown intelligent cows silhouetted against a luminous sky, and, perhaps, if I were asked to choose from this exhibition, I would take that, and beg as a pendant the wonderful little Troyon "Collecting the Flock: Sunset." With these two pictures one could be happy in the Potteries.

These men of 1830 stand out like some Stonehenge on the plain of nineteenth century landscape art, and it is curious to note that of the painters represented in this exhibition one of them is alive. Harpignies, who must now be near his ninetieth year, is still painting, still vivacious and fresh, still individual and sincere. His landscape, "Vieille Route à St. Fargiau," is startling in the directness of its vision, so much so that at first glance one is inclined to think it hard. But a few minutes

corrects that. It is the bright clearness of a country after rain, and over all, over the blue sky with its fleecy clouds, over the cornfield, the grass-road, and the passages beyond, light radiates, shimmering and unfolding all. With this painter, who lingers, but not superfluous, in the world where he has found so much that is beautiful, the impressions suggested by this exhibition come full circle. For Harpignies was gold-medalled at the Salon of 1897. The battle for individual vision, for the right of the painter to be himself, was won. The scene may shift, other commanders, other foes, may take the field, but that particular, long fight against classicalism, against authority, against "truth at second hand," is ended. Is it not plain? Constable at the Salon of 1821 pointing the shining way, the men of 1830 struggling to the summits of the hills, and Harpignies, the last survivor, arriving in 1897, with his face still towards the light and his sword bright and keen as ever. How pettifoggish seems the chatter about art and morality, with such examples before us. These men made beautiful things of deep spiritual meaning because they felt deeply. They were great souls true to themselves, and their works follow them. May I end with four lines from Tennyson:

Tho' world on world in myriad myriads roll
Round us, each with different powers,
And other forms of life than ours,
What know we greater than the soul?

C. L. H.

Science.

The Unsolved Mystery of Evolution.

"MONERA begat Amœbæ, Amœbæ begat Synamœbæ, Synamœbæ begat Ciliated Larva, Ciliated Larva begat Primæval Stomach Animals, Primæval Stomach Animals begat Gliding Worms, Gliding Worms begat Soft Worms, Soft Worms begat Suck Worms, Suck Worms begat Skull-less Animals, Skull-less Animals begat Single-nostrilled Animals, Single-nostrilled Animals begat Primæval Fish, Primæval Fish begat Mud Fish, Mud Fish begat Gilled Amphibians, Gilled Amphibians begat Tailed Amphibians, Tailed Amphibians begat Primæval Amniota, Primæval Amniota begat Primary Mammals, Primary Mammals begat Pouched Animals, Pouched Animals begat Semi-Apes, Semi-Apes begat Tailed Apes, Tailed Apes begat Man-like Apes, Man-like Apes begat Ape-like Men, Ape-like Men begat MAN." Such is the genealogy that an American divine has compiled from the works of Haeckel, and although some modification might be suggested for one or two of the links in the chain, there is no doubt that, taken as a whole, it is substantially correct. It is quite true that only the early part of the evolutionary process thus summarised has been observed in operation, and—unless the expedition lately dispatched to Java to search for the *Pithecanthropus Erectus* should prove successful, or the recently announced discovery of extensive remains of the same animal in Croatia can stand investigation—the later and to us most interesting links may always be missing. But whether or not the whole of the process can ever be scientifically demonstrated with regard to the race, there can be no doubt of it with regard to the individual. Embryology teaches that all of us before birth go through most, if not all, of these changes of form, and the fact may be taken as one of those which are, as the phrase goes, definitely acquired by science.

It is, however, when we begin to inquire the cause of these changes from one form into another that science finds itself at fault. What was it that compelled the *moneron*—to begin at the very beginning—so to modify his own very simple structure as to give birth to the more complex

amaba! Darwin's answer that it was due to the severe struggle for subsistence that allowed only the fitter forms to survive no doubt accounts for much, but he never himself contended that this was in itself sufficient reason for all the changes that have taken place in the forms of animals. For that matter, it is plain that by no means all these changes fulfil any useful purpose, and that the varieties of colouring, for instance, that we see in dragon-flies are in no way connected with the survival of the fittest. To this some of Darwin's successors, among whom Romanes is distinguished, have added what they call isolation, which is indeed the method adopted by the human breeder when he wishes to produce a breed of short-legged sheep, and therefore prevents the progeny of the shortest-legged pair that he can find from running with their longer-legged cousins. But this, though it is undoubtedly one of the most powerful causes of the preservation of a variation found useful to the species in which it occurs, in no way accounts for the way in which that variation was originally brought about. Moreover, isolation acts quite as much for the preservation of useless variations as of useful ones, as in the case of the penguins or wingless birds of the South Seas, who, being shut up in islands where food was plentiful and wings of no use to them, found them atrophy until they had returned to the rudimentary stage. We must, therefore, look elsewhere for the cause that originally set the evolutionary process in operation.

On the other hand, the answer of a rival school of biologists is equally plain, and, it must be said, equally unsatisfactory. The followers of Darwin's great predecessor, Lamarck—among whom Mr. Herbert Spencer is perhaps the chief—will have it that changes in the structure of an animal are brought about principally, though not entirely, by the action upon it of its surroundings. Thus, the long neck of the giraffe is due, according to them, to the fact that the beast has to perpetually stretch upward to the tree on which grows its food, while the swan, who feeds on roots and weeds growing under water, comes in time to provide himself with an even more elongated spinal column for a similar purpose. To this it is objected that modifications of structure produced after birth are never transmitted to an animal's descendants, and in support of this objection there are adduced the cases of the Australian "black-fellows," who have for ages knocked out their front teeth without their children being born with less than the usual number of incisors; and of the Jews, who have preserved into modern times the practice of a ritual mutilation which shows no sign of perpetuating itself spontaneously. I have never myself been quite convinced of the validity of these instances, because there is little doubt that physical habits having, as seems likely, their immediate cause in some microscopic alteration of a brain cell, although in the first instance due to the environment, *are* unlike mutilations transmitted to descendants, and it may therefore be that the non-transmission of mutilations is due to some other cause as yet unnoticed. But the objection that like changes in the environment do not always produce like modifications of structure seems to be in a different category, and, if it can be proved, to dispose altogether of the theory that modifications are mainly caused by the surroundings. Thus, we are told that when sea-animals first became land-animals, their air-bladders, which before served them for swimming purposes, changed into lungs. But when the tree-climbing perch comes on shore he literally "takes the air," not by means of his swim-bladder, but by a special apparatus of folded plates in a cavity above his gills. So, too, the land-crab has small gills, and breathes mainly through his bronchial cavity, while his relation the coconut crab has an apparatus in his gills lined with lung-substance and not very different from that of the climbing perch. Unless it can be shown that these discrepancies

correspond to related changes in the environment, the theory that it is this last which chiefly brings about modifications of structure must, I think, go by the board.

There remains one explanation, which has been indicated rather than put forward, by Captain Hutton of New Zealand, and which certainly deserves attention. That change of food has great influence in bringing about change of structure appears in the case of bees and wasps, and is familiar to every gardener, who knows that his variegated ivy will soon return to its unadorned or "self-coloured" leaves if it be placed in too rich a soil. It is therefore suggested that it may have been some change of diet which first compelled the *moneron* to take on the characteristics of the *amaba*, and thus begin the upward march which "differentiated" him into man. It has even been said, I think, that there may have been present at the first commencement of animal life upon this planet certain unknown gases (or perhaps only certain unknown compound of known gases) that have not appeared here since, and that it was by feeding upon them that the primary animal found himself transformed. This does not seem a very likely guess to a chemist, although the experiments which Dr. Leduc of Nantes is now conducting into the behaviour of ferrocyanide of potassium, which seems under certain conditions to take on some of the forms of protoplasm, may give it some support. But unless this apparent change of a mineral into animal form be really established, I am afraid that this theory also must be pronounced insufficient, and that to the question, What first set the evolution of animal forms in motion? we can only reply that we do not know.

F. LEGGE.

Correspondence.

"The Mystic Rose."

SIR,—I apologise sincerely to Mr. Lang for attributing a statement to him, as I now believe wrongly, for I cannot find the reference. I much regret the error. When, however, Mr. Lang thinks fit to say: "This appears to imply that if I wanted facts about mothers-in-law, roses, and other matters, I would be content to save myself trouble by using the collections of Mr. Ernest Crawley. No doubt I should find Mr. Crawley's references valuable, but long experience has made me distrust the 'facts' given by anthropologists," I am bound to remark that it was at least unnecessary to use my facts as a possible example of anthropological error in order to clear himself of an opinion attributed to him. It was the more unnecessary, as there was nothing in my remark to imply that I was thinking of Mr. Lang as a type of the future student. I have apologised for taking Mr. Lang's name in mistake, and he will much oblige me by referring to a case (which, in other circumstances, I should have thought not worth mention) in which he has himself made the same mistake in *my* name. I give the exact reference: On page 52 of Mr. Lang's work, *Magic and Religion*, he gives my name with the reference, *J.A.I.* xxiv. 413, in support of a statement I never made, from an article I did not write.

Perhaps my wrongdoing and Mr. Lang's differ only in a name.—Yours, &c.,

ERNEST CRAWLEY.

Buckhold Hill, Pangbourne.

"E. A. B." on French Fiction.

SIR,—*"E. A. B.'s"* reply to my remarks makes it necessary for me to give, through your columns, some further explanations on the subject. As far as I can gather, the existence of Octave Mirbeau seems to have been revealed

to "E. A. B." through the weekly articles that appear every Sunday morning in *Le Journal*. This is suggested to me by the somewhat shocked naïveté with which I am asked by my friend whether really I, in this "discriminating Manchester," consider Octave Mirbeau a great novelist. I must at once say that I certainly do, and that, moreover, he is indisputably a far greater novelist than Alphonse Daudet. We must distinguish the wily, combative, ferocious Mirbeau, who has been the redoubtable pamphleteer of "Les Grimaces," from the noble and great artist that wrote *Sebastien Roch*, and those vibrating short stories that appeared in *Le Journal*. He is not, I admit, so well known abroad as, say, P. Bourget, or Marcel Prevost. Mediocrity pays, mediocrity sells; Hall Caine and Marie Corelli leave no doubt on this point. But a critic like "E. A. B.," who, judging by his three articles, knows his subject exceedingly well, ought to try to do justice to a great master with a closer examination of his works. In France Octave Mirbeau's fame is established on a unanimous and enthusiastic recognition of his genius. Irrespective of schools, the master is universally recognised as one of the greatest. His name figures in the list of the ten best novelists that were to form the Académie Goncourt. The younger writers, who have demolished so many apparently intangible temples—Dumas Fils, Alphonse Daudet, Paul Bourget—have always surrounded with delighted gratitude and ungrudging enthusiasm the two names of Anatole France and Octave Mirbeau.

But I am rather inclined to think that "E. A. B." has not read the three masterpieces, called *Le Calvaire*, *Sebastien Roch*, *L'Abbé Jules*, or, if he has read any of them, that must have been some years ago, at the time perhaps when he used to keep devoutly Paul Adams' utterances in a scrap book. I will advise him to read them over again. I still believe in "E. A. B.'s" conversion to my views on this point. I will wait.

I am, however, not so hopeful as to his state of mind as regards Anatole France. To call him "amiable and fine" is, in my opinion, more than surpassing an adjectival ineptitude. *Le Livre de Mon Ami* is unlike any volume of fiction that I have ever read. Yet few books are more exquisitely suggestive. Few books present a character of, as it were, the higher intellectual emotion than this sober and simple work, ideally written. To compare Balzac's massive, powerful, encumbering genius with A. France's aristocratic mind, and smiling yet saddened thoughtfulness, seems to me a feat of epic incongruity.

That Paul Adam can be and often is elaborately tedious I readily admit. But that does not prevent him from being a great novelist. His manner is tormented like his mind, but that mind has truly an infinity of phases. His power of synthesis is extraordinary. And in his later productions he certainly proved himself a novelist of the same *envergure* as the great Balzac himself. *Mystères des Foules*, *La Force du Mal*, etc., are monuments that will remain.

I will also mention that Léon Daudet has already surpassed his father by that glowingly sensuous and stirring work called *La Flamme et l'Ombre*. And what about Maurice Barrès!—Yours, &c.,

A. SHACKLIAN.

The Athenæum, Manchester.

The Chronology of Fiction.

SIR,—May I be permitted to suggest that something more than wounded national pride evokes protest against your Comparative Chronological Table in the article of February 1 on "English and French Fiction in the Nineteenth Century." It is not that an arbitrary decision excludes Meredith and Kipling from the English side merely because they are not yet dead, but that this arbitrariness is used to point an argument which could scarcely

be maintained without it. The French have not now any two, or even one, author of fiction who can distantly approach either Mr. Meredith or young Mr. Kipling as literary forces and men of achievement. These two have surely as much right in your list as Daudet and Maupassant. Mr. Meredith's work is done, and Mr. Kipling's short stories can never belong to any other decades but 1870-90. Allow us to claim nine authors against thirteen.

—Yours, &c.,

F. B.

The Indian Daily Telegraph Co., Limited.

Lucknow.

["F. B." has evidently not read the final article of the series on French and English Fiction.—Ed.]

"What We Think With."

SIR,—Mr. Legge, in his article upon "What we think with," writes a "slight account" of certain important scientific discoveries relating to the brain for the information, through the readers of the ACADEMY, of that "general public" which has been hitherto acquainted with them in a very fragmentary form.

His language is clear as he briefly describes the functions of various parts of the wonderful mechanism of nerve, spine, and brain, and the recently discovered "neurons," with their threefold system of connective filaments. So far the general reader can follow him with interest and without difficulty.

But he suddenly breaks into statements of the most amazingly bold comprehensiveness, and in an irritating way characterises conclusions which cannot be followed or even understood as being "manifest," "plain," and "clear." "It is by the power of this threefold action," he tells us, "that all the operations of what we call the mind become manifest, for it is plain that to it can be referred all the phenomena of memory, consciousness, and will. . . . Memory is now seen to be nothing but the faculty possessed by . . . matter of retaining and reproducing impressions. . . . As for will, is it anything else than the effort which causes the protoplasm . . . to swell . . . ? The fact which stands out most clearly from all the research . . . is that the brain is but a machine, which . . . does nothing but receive sensations and transform them into acts . . . the intellect . . . is simply the power which this (brain) substance exercises through its neurons of associating, composing, and judging ideas."

I have ventured to put into italics words which are likely to irritate a learner who dislikes to be assured of the simplicity of statements which are altogether beyond his comprehension. The effect upon the ordinary reader of this article is as bewildering as would be a description of the action of an elaborate piece of machinery to an intelligent savage, who had all the mechanism clearly explained to him, but was kept in ignorance of the fact that instead of having come of itself into existence, or of being left to act together automatically, it had been designed and could only be "driven" by human beings.

The importance of Mr. Legge's conclusions must be my apology for asking you to insert this letter. That importance is significantly indicated in his last words, which seem intended to ensheath a sting, "I cannot help thinking that the theory of the neurons, like every other recent discovery, tends somewhat to restrict the domain of the supersensuous." Is it mere dufferishness or obstinacy on my part to assert that it leaves that domain absolutely untouched, alike in its mystery and in its ascendancy?—Yours, &c.,

ONE OF THE GENERAL PUBLIC.

[I am afraid that it would hardly be possible to explain to your correspondent in a short note why the theory of neurons enables one to describe memory and consciousness

as I did in my last article. If he will look at such a popular work as Maurice de Fleury's *Introduction à la Médecine de l'Esprit*, he will see this set forth with the help of diagrams and with a clearness of diction to which I cannot pretend, while at the same time he will obtain references to more elaborate works on the subject. The whole matter is perhaps best summarised by Dr. de Fleury's pregnant saying that "man is bathed in an ocean of sensations, and that these form all that he can know of the world." I do not entirely agree with Dr. de Fleury's explanation of the Will as there given, but it should be noted that my own account of it was only tentative.

As to my last paragraph, I did not intend it to contain any sting, whether enshathed or otherwise, but it seemed to me the shortest way of stating a simple fact. Savages and other primitive folk have in all ages believed in the existence of a world near our own, and filled with beings exercising control over it, yet imperceptible to our normal senses. One of the most common arguments for the existence of such beings has always been their rare appearance to a few individuals credited by their fellows with abnormal faculties. But the theory of neurons, by letting us understand how, under certain conditions, the eye can actually see and the ear can hear things which have no existence whatever, seems to me to have taken as large a cantle out of this supersensuous domain as did the discovery that the rainfall is due, not to magical arts, but to the condensation of vapour drawn from the earth.—
F. LEGGE.]

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 129 (New Series).

Last week we set our readers the easy task of suggesting six names suitable for motor-cars. Judging the sets sent in as sets—according to the terms of the Competition—we find that we must award the prize to Miss G. H. Warrack, 14, Carlton Terrace, Edinburgh, for the following:—

Traveller's Joy,
The Open Road,
Arabian Genius,
"The Flying Trunk,"
The Humming Bird,
The Bumble Bee.

But other competitors have sent in names as good as, or better than, any one name in the above list. Among such names are:—

The Runagate,	Vim,
The Bandersnatch,	En Avant,
Vol-au-Vent,	Colza Cab,
Dutch Oven,	Buzfuz,
"Many Cargoes,"	The Wings of the Wind,
The Jabberwock,	Hustler,
Tantrum,	Dusty Demon,
The Passionate Pilgrim,	Smile of Satan,
"The School for Saints,"	Tornado,
The Crossing Sweeper,	Flying Dustman,
Ulysses,	Great Panjandrum,
Marry-come-up,	Gadabout,
Passe-partout,	Runaway Girl,
Coughing Willie,	Boanerges,
Silent Susan,	Brunhilda,

Among names sent in by a large number of competitors we note:—

Speedwell,	Humming Bird,
Juggernaut,	Firefly,
Atalanta,	Greased Lightning,
Pegasus,	Buzfuz,
Auld Reekie,	Cyclone.

Among fanciful, not to say contortional, names, we have:—

Pace with Odour,	Mundane Meteor,
Horse-fly,	'Aircutter,
Century's Paraffinalia,	Auto-da-fé-ter,
Tyred Gee Gee,	Milekiller,
Dinah Mo,	Little Cough Drop,

Colossus of Rhodes,
Pip-pip,
Turpsichore,
Sunday at Home,

The d'Oily Cart,
Change for a Sovereign,
Petrolley,
Oléaphagon.

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RULES.

Answers, addressed, "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, March 19, 1902. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

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| Bruce (W. S.), The Formation of Christian Character. (T. and T. Clark) | 5/0 |
| Askwith (E. H.), An Introduction to the Thessalonian Epistles (Macmillan) | net 4/0 |
| Buchan (Rev. John), The First Things. (Blackwood) | 5/0 |
| Westcott (Brooke Foss), Words of Faith and Hope (Macmillan) | 4/6 |
| POETRY, CRITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES. | |
| Headlam (Cecil), Friends that Fail Not (Hurst and Blackett) | 3/6 |
| Campbell (Ian), Poems (Morrison and Gibb) | |
| HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY. | |
| Dunning (William Archibald), A History of Political Theories (Macmillan) | net 10/0 |
| John, Third Marquess of Bute, Scottish Coronations. (Gardner) net | 7/6 |
| Baylis (Sir Wyke), Five Great Painters of the Victorian Era (Sampson Low) | net 8/ |
| Corlette (Hubert C.), The Cathedral Church of Chichester (Bell) net | 1/6 |
| Hiat (Charles), Westminster Abbey (Bell) net | 1/6 |
| Airy (Reginald), Handbooks to the Great Public Schools: Westminster (Bell) | net 3/6 |
| Cust (A. M.), The Ivory Workers of the Middle Ages (Bell) net | 5/0 |
| Meakin (Budgett), The Moors. (Sonnenschein) | 15/0 |
| Perkins (Rev. Thomas), The Cathedral Church of Amiens (Bell) net | 2/6 |
| Ritchie (David G.), The World's Epoch Makers: Plato (T. and T. Clark) | |
| Kerr (John), Memoirs, Grave and Gay (Blackwood) | 6/0 |
| Chamberlain (Arthur B.), Bell's Miniature Series of Painters: Hans Holbein (Bell) net | 1/0 |
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| Grove (Lady), Seventy-one Days Camping in Morocco (Longmans) net | 7/6 |
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| Alford (M.), selected by, Latin Passages for Translation (Macmillan) | 3/0 |
| Balgarnie (W. H.), edited by, Tacitus: Histories. Book III. (Clive) | |
| Stewart (R. Wallace), A Text-Book of Magnetism and Electricity. (Clive) | 3/6 |
| Knight (Dr. W. T.), A Second Arithmetic (Relfe) | 0/8 |
| Advanced Dictation Sentences and Spelling (Relfe) | 0/8 |
| Harris (R.), One Hour Exercises in English Grammar (Relfe) | 0/6 |
| Scott (Sir Walter), Marmion. Canto I. (Blackie) | 0/8 |
| Hugo (Victor), Waterloo (Blackie) | 0/4 |
| Gautier (Théophile), Le Pavillon sur l'Eau (Blackie) | 0/4 |
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